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Mystery Woman

by Evelyn Murray Campbell

CHAPTER I.
Murder Sets the Stage.

TREDWELL drove through the rain in a taxi-cab. Obviously rude to have dinner with his friend Ray Lanning, who was now a doctor practising his profession among the shoddy-rich somewhere in the tropics.

To him, the arrangement, Tredwell gave up a first-class meal and possibly a pretty companion—or the real evening at the hotel had been a mere term before another journey—was to him small loss for an event. He dropped the attractive young woman at the apartment without regret. Another evening would do for Isabel.

He had an acute fourth eagerness to see Ray. At their dinner they spoke of college. They had been remarkable a pair of young dawdlers with all sorts of evil premonitions hanging over them, none of which had materialized. Here was Ray with his name dignified under the caption, Physician and Surgeon, and himself . . . ? Nothing against him except he hadn't done much with his life.

Of late years they had not seen much of one another. Tredwell's absorbing hero-worship and Lanning's poverty and devotion to his work had kept them apart, as each disrupted interests would, but they had kept up a desultory correspondence through it all and perhaps knew more of each other than friends in closer touch. An hour after Tredwell landed in New York they were on the phone and dinner was the result.

"But no style, old man," said Ray's far-off voice. "Just come as yourself. I'm cooking the chops and you'll find me living like a hermit . . . but the necessities, you know."

Tredwell could have added something to that when he was looking for the street and number in the rain and darkness only slightly relieved by the sickly street lighting. A turn from the broad, well-lighted thoroughfare had brought him into a district of small squalling bungalows, all more or less alike. A sign told him that this was Rosemont Avenue, but 2014 was another thing to find out.

It was a badly paved street with puddles

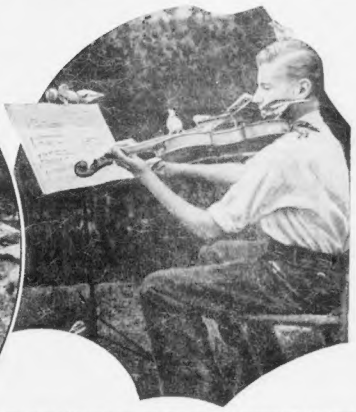
(Continued on Page 18)

Mr. Jones' Real Paradise For Birds

Wild Birds From All Over the Earth Greet the Bird-Wizard of Vancouver, and Soon Become So Friendly as to Lose All Fear of Human Beings.

A Group of Robins in the Vancouver Sanctuary, Making Friends With the Wife of the Founder of the Feathered Paradise.

No Lure Is Needed to Call the Little Creatures. They Seem to Sense That No Harm Can Come to Them and They Enjoy, Apparently, the Company of Children.



The Birds Like Music Too, But They Insist On Interrupting the Young Man's Lessons by Hopping on the Violin, the Music Stand and the Musician's Head.

"CHARLIE" JONES has, in five years, become one of the first citizens of Vancouver, Canada, and his fellow citizens look upon him as something of a miracle man. On a plot of ground in a suburb of the seaport he has built up a bird sanctuary where he has raised thousands of wild birds of many different species. These creatures are tame beyond belief, as the photographs at the top of the page show.

All the birds—robins, thrushes, quiver tewhees, meadowlarks, blackbirds, siskins, cedar waxwings, finches, greenwalks, sparrows and many other species—have overcome their natural fear of human beings. The visitor to the sanctuary—and several hundred people journey to the place every year—finds himself covered with birds the instant he steps inside the large cage. The birds cling to coat-tails and pant-legs. They ride on the tops of hats and on the toes of shoes. They are so tame that they do not even shy away from dogs that occasionally are permitted inside the enclosure.

Besides the many hundreds of birds native to North America that Mr. Jones has raised he has many imported species, such as the Indian bulbul, Chinese nightingales, English blackbirds, Borneo parrots and other feathered creatures from Africa and South America. These birds hobnob amiably with their North American cousins and it is seldom that Mr. Jones has to step in and stop a squabble.

"Charlie" Jones does not think he has any strange power over birds that other people lack. "If there is any secret to my success," he says, "it is based on the fact that I have brought the birds up with my own hands and fed them a special formula—a balanced ration which, after long experiment, I worked out."

In a state of nature, according to the Canadian bird-man, about 25 per cent of all wild birds die soon after they are born. The young in the same nest handicap one another. The mother bird does not feed her youngsters carefully. The strongest ones get the major share of the food and the weaklings die. The food, too, is uneven in quality and quantity.

"By my method of hand-feeding and the use of a balanced ration all the birds in the sanctuary are kept healthy. They are protected from their natural enemies."

Mr. Jones is making a determined effort to get the Canadian Government to build a much larger bird sanctuary than his funds afford, in Stanley Park, a primeval forest of several thousand acres close by Vancouver.

Hail the Prince and Princess of Freckles

Master H. B. Sanders, Jr., of Dallas, Who Rates the Title of Prince of Freckles, With His 5,673 Spots, All Clustered Over His Countenance, Which Adds Something to His Smile.

DURING the Texas Centennial celebration at Dallas a long and distinguished parade of celebrities and near-celebrities enjoyed their "day in the sun" but none of these fortunate citizens made quite the hit with the visitors that the youngsters shown in the photographs did.

Because they were born with the sort of skin that freckles when exposed to the sun, they ruled the big fair for a day—Kids' Day—and were enthroned as the Prince and Princess of Freckles.

Of course, their selection and coronation was more or less of a publicity stunt, but it was a lot of fun for the youngsters and for everybody else. There is something about a freckled face that connotes health and good humor and the royal pair are nothing if not healthy and good-natured. At first they were a bit shy of all the honors heaped upon them in front of so many people, but they got used to the spotlight.

The Princess—her name is Betty Ann Wilson, and she makes her home in Dallas—got a little more attention than her consort because, by actual count, she had more freckles. The judges had a hard job enumerating the brown patches that spattered over her pleasant face, but eventually they got them all counted and discovered that the grand total was 7,641.

The Prince, H. B. Sanders, Jr., by name, gave the judges a busy half hour, too, holding still while they checked up on his "sun spots." He was a little disappointed when they announced that he had only 5,673 freckles—almost a couple of thousand less than the Princess. He was gallant about the situation, however, and bowed to Her Grace—when the judges whispered that that was the royal thing to do under the circumstances.

"I don't care," said young Mr. Sanders. "I'm glad Betty's got more freckles than I have. But anyway none of the boys had as many."

And that was a simple statement of fact. A dozen other lads with spotted faces were looked over by the judges before they crowned Prince Sanders with a ten-gallon hat, and there wasn't one of them that could show as many as five thousand or more freckles.

For a time after they were picked as the winners the royal pair occupied twin thrones and their "subjects," which included the runners-up and everybody else at the exposition that day, paid them smiling tribute. After that the winners were escorted all about the exposition grounds to see the sights and draw more attention from the thousands of visitors.

Wherever they went cameramen followed and they got the thrill of their lives when they stopped before the sound cameras and were told that people all over the country would see them in the movies.

Here and there about the world contests for freckled faced "beauties" have been held for several years. The records of some of these pageants seem to indicate that the Texas youngsters are all-time champions. Last year, for example, 13-year-old Nelson Miner, of Robinson, Illinois, got his picture in the papers all over the country as the "freckled-est" boy in the country. His spots were carefully counted and much was made of the fact that the total was 2,666—less than half the record of the speckled Texan Prince and not in the class with the Princess.

Meet the Princess of Freckles, Betty Ann Wilson, Who Tops the Sanders Freckle Count. She Owns 7,641 of Them as Officially Counted at the Texas Centennial.

Yesterday and Today on the Beach

Just for Contrast, the Atlantic City Chamber of Commerce Compared Publicity on the Beach, When the Season Opened, the Bathing Suit Popular in Grandmother's Day, and That of Today. But What of Tomorrow?

THE smiling young woman in the photograph at the right comprises a part of pageant of progress. The radical difference in their swimming outfits shown in the most graphic manner possible, what has happened to bring about some grandma was a debbie.

Remember Miss Cynthia Stuyvesant Burns, one of those outfits that were the last word in waterside chic during the roaring Gay Nineties and her parents? Miss Isobel Farrell slipped into the style of bathing suit that is popular at the moment. The girls walked along the sands at Atlantic City for the amusement and edification of the thousands of vacationers gathered at that New Jersey resort.

Among the strollers were many too young to remember when women, young and not so young, used to exercise the greatest modesty when they went to the seashore. To them the skirted and pantalooned get-up was more than funny. It was downright impractical. More than a few of the younger generation suspected that the outfit was not a bona fide style of other days, but a comedy rig made especially for the occasion.

The old-timers were just as scrutated. A look at such a suit as the one covering the supposedly shapely form of Miss Stuyvesant took them back to the turn of the century. A few of them recalled days at Atlantic City when the beach was covered with members of the fair sex, arrayed in that unrevealing manner. And most of them were glad that times and styles had changed. It was much more pleasant, they admitted, to gaze upon Miss Farrell.

A pretty girl, as a popular song of a few years ago pointed out, is like a melody. She's pretty in any sort of outfit. But if she hides her physical lights under a bushel of ungraceful and inflattering drapery, then she's just not making the most of her charms.

"What a cute girl that is in the old-fashioned suit," more than one spectator remarked as the young women made their way along the sand—"but I bet she'll be easy on the eyes in an outfit like the other girl is wearing."

Just for the fun—and the publicity of it—Miss Stuyvesant plunged into the surf with her old-time rig on and attempted to swim. Her long, dark pantaloons filled with water and the knee-length skirt clung to her like a soggy tent. In a few moments she tired of carrying so much bulk and weight and went back to her hotel to get into something that made it possible for her to have some freedom and pleasure in the water.

Here and there along the Atlantic City boardwalk citizens of the old school passed remarks that might have made the ears of today's fashion dictators burn. They said, right out loud, that the girl in the dark suit was "properly" dressed but that they would be ashamed to have a daughter of theirs appear in public in "these tights."

One bewhiskered philosopher, who long since had failed to find inspiration in the "form divine," thought that the two young women were symbols of civilization's decline. "That shows you how the world has changed—and the change hasn't been for the better. This new deal in swimming clothes for women is shocking and shameful."

Why Grasshoppers Take Up Flying

GRASSHOPPERS, as the name of the pestiferous insect implies, get from one spot to another by springing with their long and powerful hind legs. But Mother Nature, in her wondrous consideration for living creatures and their continued existence, gave the grasshopper—certain species of them, at least—the miraculous ability to change from hoppers to flyers if the weather gets exceptionally hot for a long spell and the "critters" are in danger of starving.

When this change takes place, the grasshoppers' wings grow noticeably longer and stronger. Their bodies become slimmer and develop brighter coloring than is normal for the species. In short the creatures, faced with starvation, are equipped so that they can travel farther and faster in search of green stuff.

This metamorphosis may seem a small thing to the layman who gives little thought to the creatures of the insect world and their way of life but to scientists it is intensely interesting proof of what Nature can do to give creatures a chance in the never-ending battle for the survival of the fittest.

That species of grasshopper known in the zoology books as "Melanoplus Mexicanus"—which is raising hob with crops in the Great Plains area of Texas—recently has shown a tendency to work from the hopping to the flying phase. These are the "locusts" which terrorized the early settlers of the Southwest by sweeping unexpectedly across the Rockies in dark clouds back in 1880. The "Melanoplus Mexicanus," although it has appeared in enormous numbers as a hopper and destroyed millions of dollars worth of crops and trees since that time, has not since taken to the air as a species.

Dr. J. R. Parker, of the United States Department of Agriculture, knows a lot about what can happen to grasshoppers when hard times beset the pests. He has watched them develop in the laboratory where some of the insects were raised at a high temperature and were deprived of the normal amount of green food. These "guinea pigs" grew longer, stronger wings than their relatives left to shift for themselves. Their bodies became slimmer—which added to their powers as flyers—and took on brighter colors.

The recent heat wave that struck the country from one coast to the other had the government scientists keeping a sharp eye on the "hoppers" that might become flyers and thus more destructive than under ordinary conditions. Hot weather followed by severe drought could, these experts say, make it possible for "Melanoplus Mexicanus" to turn into flying "locusts" as they did more than half a century ago with such devastating effects on the crops of settlers in the Southwest. But the calamity is not nearly so likely as it was then because much of the land formerly planted to grain is now put in crops which provide good egg-laying ground for the pests and give them more than enough green feed to prevent them from taking to the air as flyers.

Just how dangerous the grasshoppers can become when conditions change them from jumpers to insect aviators becomes plain when it is known that some of the pests have been known to fly as much as 150 miles in search of foliage when they were in danger of starvation.

Fascinating Capt. Bowen's Rocky Road of Romance

Wooed, Won and Married Three Rich Women and a 100% Glorified, Brainy "Follies" Beauty, Lost Another Heiress by Punching Her in the Eye—But His Fascination Doesn't Seem to Be Lasting

Evelyn Neville Bowen, the Captain's Third Wife, "Follies" Girl Beauty, With Her Dog "Ching"—Who Put Her Fascinating ex-Husband in Jail After He Had Married His Third Heiress, But Against Whom the Captain Harbors No Resentment.

EUGENE A. BOWEN is probably the unluckiest of the world's lucky lovers. Three of the four wives of the handsome ex-army aviator have been heiresses to millions. He almost married another heiress, but his temper slipped and he punched the light of love right out of her eyes. His other wife was a brainy Follies beauty and now is a young business executive.

Eugene seems to be a matrimonial genius after, apparently, he won and wed almost any girl who comes under the focus of his eyes and voice. But his remarkable talents haven't seen fit to work twice, almost, as soon as he marries his sweethearts, he seems to lose interest.

And besides, when wife No. 4 had him arrested, charging bigamy, when she heard he had married wife No. 3, he found it very hard to raise $2,000 bail to get out of a very unfashionable Mt. Carmel, N. Y., jail.

All in all, Captain Bowen doesn't think Cupid has done too well by him, in spite of a lot of promising starts. And he is particularly unhappy about the present situation.

He hasn't committed any bigamy, he says. He got a perfectly good Cuban divorce from wife No. 3. But Cuban divorces, like Cuban governments, are an uncertain sort of things. Now you have them, now you don't, and some ex-rum-running bridges have held that the Nevada divorce decrees are just pretty scraps of paper.

The cause of Eugene's present difficulties is Maude Talbot Kemp Lissington, who is fifty-two years old, never worked in the Follies, but was a $5,000,000 matrimonial prize. Or at least Bowen thought she was a prize when he made Mrs. Miss Bowen No. 4. But other Mrs. Bowens No. 2, who wasn't rich, but was a Follies beauty, interrupted those carefree days with the bigamy charge, wealthy No. 4 brought suit for annulment, and hasn't an Bowen since even been to see him since he was put in jail.

"She might at least do something about that," he said, "after I'd done all I could to get her out."

"But," he added, "what could you expect of marriage — what could any man do with a mother-in-law of romance, a mother-in-law of suits, a mother-in-law of alimony, in addition to three ex-wives, thirteen actions and twenty-nine ex-fiancées and his wife."

And of course there was that bigamy case, too.

"I explained my status to the lad Miss Bowen," Eugene declared. "I told her I couldn't implore her on the eve to which she had been so solemnly wed, husband a Park Avenue apartment, and a ballet career in the Caribbean Sea — the Isle of Pines, and I raise grapefruits there. It was agreed that we would spend the Winter there, and the Summer in social circles. She was to pay the expenses in the Summer.

Bowen vanished it clear that he hadn't married under false pretenses, and that he hadn't broken the life of a helpless girl in his matrimonial machine. But he also apparently neglect to mention that he had been married three times and had a somewhat uncertain Cuban divorce. At any rate, Miss Mrs. Bowen No. 4 Bowen the fourth is seeking her annulment.

As for Mrs. Bowen the third, who brought the bigamy charge, Eugene says she is a "good kid," and he thinks that she wouldn't have done it at all if the fourth Mrs. Bowen hadn't urged her to.

Cocktail parties seem to lead to matrimonial takeoffs for the two men, although Captain Mrs. Bowen finds it a uncertain price, and he and the fourth Mrs. Bowen at another one.

"This beautiful Evelyn, wife No. 3, Miss Eugene is pretty nice but ever-all she's a bit too much for me.

I met Gene at a cocktail party — she went to the same part of February, 1926, at the Barbizon Plaza, where I was living. We met in a friend's apartment and I was intrigued by his gallant and charming manners and by his obviously sophisticated point. He had such winning ways that I was attracted to him, but hadn't dare show him what my feelings were.

"It turned out that he, too, lived at the Barbizon Plaza, and the next thing I knew the telephone rang. It was Gene, and he asked if I were free to go

Mrs. Alberta Burton Bowen, the Captain's Second Wife, Also Very Rich, Who Died Suddenly on Their Honeymoon.

Captain Bowen Chatting Merrily With the Sheriff in the Putnam County Jail.

Miriam Hostetter Young, Another Heiress, Who Might Have Become the Third Mrs. Bowen If the Captain Had Not Punched Her in the Nose While They Were Engaged.

Lorna Mallinson, the First Mrs. Bowen, Silk Heiress, Who Killed Herself.

talking. I did but I didn't want to act too think I was too desperate so I told him, 'No and I gave part-time again.

He laughed and said:

"Well unless you act as awfully high stepped," he laughed, because I'll be busy myself in my hotel.

I thought he was very clever and, after a few more piquant remarks and some shy telephone flirtation, I told him to come ahead and bring the rum.

When he knocked at the door I opened it and there he stood in a beautiful silk gown, with his shirt open at the throat. I thought of Lord Byron. He was very nice and neat. He told me he didn't want to impose on me, but he suggested that he take a run. If it rains heads he would stay and take me for five lessons. If it rains tails he would leave. It amused me, and I told him to go ahead. The coin fell heads and he stayed. I'll admit I am glad he did.

For five hours Eugene read from a Theodore Dreiser novel he has a knack that simply overpowers you. Evelyn declared. "We had a couple of more cocktails and I never knew that five hours could fly away so rapidly.

After all he was a pretty good fellow in many ways and when I think have ever everything, I know I have had some disillusionment, but there was a lot of experience in being married to Gene Bowen."

But Evelyn did think that Eugene might have let her know he was contemplating a divorce, even a Cuban one. And she was pretty put out when she learned he had been married in New Jersey and was living in at least legal sin, with a fourth Mrs. Bowen.

The successful Captain's whole matrimonial career has been unique. After he left the army Bowen settled in New York's Bohemian Greenwich Village and opened up a sandwich shop. But it was not the ordinary hot-dog-gery. It was a fashionable place, popular with the wealthy younger people of Manhattan's social register. If it was particularly popular with the feminine members of that group, the good-looking, romantic young proprietor couldn't be blamed for that.

Anyway, the younger crowd weren't surprised, although their very social elders probably were, when Bowen married pretty twenty-six-year-old Lorna Mallinson. Lorna was the daughter of Hiram R. Mallinson, Fifth Avenue silk manufacturer, whose name rated high in society and on the ledgers of his bank.

Lorna had lived with her parents in a seventeen-room Park Avenue apartment, and had an allowance of $10,000 a year, with prospects of plenty more. What with the profits from the restaurant business, it seemed that Eugene was launched on the beginning of a nice future.

But his wedding jinx caught up with him. In a short time Lorna separated from her husband, and went back to live with her parents. Later she and Bowen became parents of a daughter, but this didn't smooth out their difficulties. Two years after she had married the sandwich shop owner, Lorna was found dead, twelve stories below a window of the Mallinson apartment.

Bowen then brought suit for $1,000,000 against his wealthy parents-in-law charging that Mr. and Mrs. Mallinson had alienated Lorna's affections. When the papers were served on Mr. Mallinson, he dropped dead of heart failure. Mrs. Mallinson later settled the suit. Bowen says she paid him $128,600 and that he placed $75,000 of that in trust for his daughter, who is being raised by Mrs. Mallinson.

Just what he did with the other $50,-000 or so, Eugene has never said, but it became known a short time later that he owned a place on the lovely Isle of Pines, in the Caribbean.

It was to this romantic spot that he took his next bride Alberta Burton, rich, young, pretty, and the widow of the very wealthy Dr. Elliott Morton, who had left her some $5,-000,000. There were no parental strings attached to that fortune, and no question of alienation of affections. The young couple built a beautiful home on the Isle of Pines, but they had little chance to enjoy it together. On their honeymoon the bride died suddenly from an unusual type of diabetes. Apparently she hadn't even had time to make a will out in favor of her new husband.

Young Bowen now had won and lost two wealthy wives in less than three years. Some people claimed that the ex-sandwich man knew what side his bread was buttered on, but this was unfair. A girl can marry a rich man, and live happily ever after on alimony. But a poor man who marries a rich woman seldom collects much of the world's goods, unless he pleases his wife over a long period of time.

A widower, with an island estate, Bowen next went to Reno, headquarters for getting rid of old wives, but not a bad spot for getting a new and wealthy one.

While a lot of these rich and misunderstood women are putting up in Nevada for the purpose of establishing what they say is a legal residence there, they are strangers in a strange land, and about the loneliest people in the world. Any attractive man who pays court to these lonesome ladies-in-waiting, has the chance of a life-time to win their bruised but willing hearts.

The man who had married the Mallinson heiress, in competition with the whole Blue-Book, and then carried off the rich Morton widow, began to be seen in the company of Mrs. Miriam V. Hostetter Young, Pittsburgh society leader, and the daughter of the late patent-medicine multi-millionaire. She was waiting her turn to be divorced from Mr. Charles Young, of Pittsburgh.

It soon was rumored that Bowen and Mrs. Young were pretty much in love, but even in Reno it is customary to shed the first husband before announcing your engagement to marry another. Mrs. Young thought it was bad taste when Bowen let the newspapers know that he and she were engaged, and she promptly denied that such was the case.

Bowen's temper flared, and he gave his lady love a shaking, punched her around and blackened her eyes. Papa Hostetter was famous for his patented bitters, but they were no deterrent than his daughter was ever such ungallant treatment. So Eugene went to court and a chivalrous judge decided it was pretty awful too. The judge thought it was so bad that he imposed a $50 fine on Bowen, or twenty-five days in jail. And Bowen, who had hoped to marry millions, didn't have the money to pay his fine. He had to spend sixteen days in jail and managed to rake up enough to pay his way out of the other nine days.

But in these sixteen days Mrs. Young had secured her divorce and left Reno, so all chances of reconciliation with that wealthy lady were ended. Losing his enthusiasm for Reno, Eugene also left and returned to New York to try his matrimonial luck. It was then he met the least wealthy but most beautiful of his wives, Evelyn Neville, who, after her career as a Follies girl had ended, became the head of a business concern. The depression did things to her executive connection, and at present Evelyn is doing sales work.

After their cocktail courtship, Captain Bowen married the pretty Evelyn, whose real name is Eva Pearl Lipson. But once again his matrimonial jinx pushed his matrimonial luck right out of the picture, and it was then that Bowen made his trip to Cuba and secured the divorce which he hopes will clear him of the bigamy charges.

But Bowen, in woe again at this writing, is not downcast. He will prove, he says, that his Cuban divorce is good.

"I had a bona fide divorce. I'm going to fight this to the limit. Before I'm through half of Park Avenue will be dragged into this mess."

Bowen didn't explain just what there was about the case that would drag such a large part of New York's aristocracy in it. Neither did he explain what he meant when he said he intended to file some suits in his own account, but it was learned that one of them may be a breach of contract suit against the fourth Mrs. Bowen, who he says, made agreements with him to establish him in certain enterprises.

But the enterprising great lover won't reveal just what these enterprises were, either.

Another problem bothering the former aviator at the moment concerns sixteen cases of good Cuban rum which, he says, belongs to Sophie Tucker, the famous actress. It seems that Miss Tucker bought the rum in Cuba, but, as she was going to fly back to the United States, Bowen brought the liquor with him on ship, and parked it at the home of his fourth wife, where he says, it still is. And he says further that his wife won't give it back to him. He doesn't know just how to explain the whole thing to Sophie.

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Funny Ways Women Have Their Pictures Taken In Vienna

The Grotesque Motive Is Shown by This Striking Photograph of Miss Lilly Galaby, the Young Beauty, Making Obeisance to Buddha the Imperturbable.

Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Stork? That Might Be the Title of This Photo Portrait in a Recent Exhibition by One of the Fashionable Galleries.

Another Sample of the Weird Poses and Settings That Have Lately Become the Vogue. Perhaps the Pretty Subject Thought the Monstrous Head of the Idol Would Enhance Her Own Beauty.

Beauty and the Reptile, a Photograph Which Gets Away from the Format and Still Another Interesting Sample of the Photographic Fashion.

One of the queerest, if not gay, European crazes I have lately encountered (for one incredible moment I was on the point of writing "incredible" instead of "lately") is the vogue for having one's photograph taken in all sort of funny ways.

But perhaps it isn't so purposeless after all. Perhaps it adds to their prestige, and gets them talked about. There seems to be no other good reason why they should do it.

Just who started the fad is not known, but one of the first to take it up was Miss Lilly Galaby. A beautiful woman is at her best, she believes, when she is calm and self-possessed. For that reason she has steeped herself in Oriental philosophy, and when she decided to go in for bizarre photography she chose an East Indian setting. The imperturbable Buddha appealed to her greatly, so she had her picture taken while making obeisance to a massive image of him.

The charming young woman, who seems to be pictured by a large, determined bird with long legs, has not disclosed why she had herself photographed in this odd pose, but it has been suggested that the title might be, "Who's afraid of the big bad stork?"

Beauty says the common man, him in the next illustration, is largely a matter of contrast. If there were no ugly things in this best of all worlds, then who could tell what was really beautiful? Her profession was to find something that was sufficiently grotesque to serve her purpose, but would not in itself be so striking as to draw away attention from her. In deciding to place herself halfway behind a monstrous African idol she seems to have made a good choice.

With succeeding the above pics in mind, the last in this group should that her likeness should be taken in a pose to be known as "Beauty and the Reptile," instead of beauty and the beast, and here she is with a lizard on her lovely white shoulder.

What'll You Bet That Snow is White?

"A white as snow" is one of the most common expressions in the language. But experts at the United States Weather Bureau say this is all wrong. Instead of being white, snow really has no color other than pale ice or plain water. For another fact of being deceived by the eyes — one of nature's little tricks, which make life so much more interesting and which it is not unusually done with mirrors, the illusion is somewhat similar.

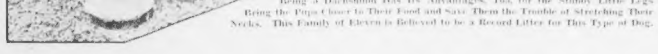
Snow is composed of tiny crystals of ice, and these crystals are almost entirely transparent. Light, which comes right through it, cannot be seen. It is supposed that each crystal is formed with many tiny flat surfaces, or facets, set at various angles. Arranged in that way, the facets reflect light. Start falling in these million directions all of a sudden. And suppose one crystal, made of thousands upon thousands of tiny facets, is caught in a snowflake. Then snow assumes to be white, and people always think it is so, when it is not.

A single snow crystal is not often found by itself in its appearance is much the same as a very small fragment of ice. Usually a number of crystals are bunched together, and thus reflecting much more light, they appear to be "snow white." The more snowflakes are packed together, and the more the little cavities in them are filled up by other crystal particles, the whiter they seem to be.

Cracked ice does not look white, but if ice is shaved fine, instead of being cracked, it resembles snow. The reason for this is that when ice is shaved the crystals are broken up into innumerable tiny surfaces, and these reflect so much light that the whole mass appears to be white.

Contrary to the popular belief, the droplets of rain which make up clouds do not turn directly into snow; but after snow has been formed, it sometimes turns into rain while floating down to the earth. True snow crystals are originally formed out of invisible atoms and molecules of water vapor, which are infinitely smaller than droplets of rains, and are floating around in the clouds between the droplets. After the crystals are formed, however, they usually come into contact with droplets, which then freeze to them, increasing their size and making their patterns complicated.

Snow sometimes falls from a cloudless sky, the crystals then having their simplest structure. Instead of being fluffy, since they are formed from the invisible particles of moisture in the upper atmosphere.



Dinner at Eight for Eleven. Papa and Mamma Dachshund, Who Brought This Family to Their Proud Owner at Bethlehem, Pa., Are Perhaps Just a Bit Dissappointed at Not Having a Full Dozen Youngsters. Mealtime Is Quite an Event for the Family, and a Welcome Break for the Pups, Who Have Learned to Line Up in Order for Their Meal and Not to Chisel In on Their Brothers' and Sisters' Rations. Being a Dachshund Has Its Advantages, Too, for the Stubby Little Legs Bring the Pups Close to Their Food and Save Them the Trouble of Stretching Their Necks. This Family of Eleven Is Believed to be a Record Litter for This Type of Dog.

Simple Device for Insuring Safety for the Deaf

A DEAF person is at a distinct disadvantage when crossing a heavily-traveled highway, but it hardly seems fair in such a situation to place all the responsibility on automobile drivers, who naturally assume that anyone in their path can hear the warning sounded on their horns.

Mrs. Emma Kite, a resident of Doddington, England, who is entirely deaf, has solved this problem quite effectively, as far as she is concerned, and she advises that all those suffering from the same misfortune follow her example. On two occasions Mrs. Kite was knocked down and painfully injured while crossing country lanes. Even so, she did not want to have to take somebody with her every time she went walking, or stop each time she wanted to cross a highway and wait until she could get someone to "pilot" her across.

So now when she goes out she always wears on the back of her dress a large sign, which announces that she is deaf, in tall letters that can be seen far enough away to give automobile drivers an opportunity to slow down. The officials of Doddington heartily approve of her discretion, as do other English authorities interested in trying out various new methods for reducing the alarming number of traffic accidents. They do not think it would be proper, or legal, to pass a law requiring deaf persons to wear such signs, but they do believe it would be a good idea for those who can hear nothing at all to adopt Mrs. Kite's precautionary measure, just as it has been recommended that blind persons carry white sticks while out walking.

Automobile traffic grows so fast nowadays that even a person with keen eyesight and good hearing, just about takes his life in his own hands when he starts to cross a heavily-traveled highway. It's hard to judge the speed of an approaching car, and it is sometimes impossible to see in every direction at the same time. Safety first campaigns have taught most people to be cautious. Every so, situations often arise in which the most cautious pedestrians is in danger of sudden death and may not cause it until too late, particularly if his hearing is defective.

The last morning traffic will be in sight. At the moment, it may seem perfectly safe to cross a street or road, but just as the pedestrian is half way over, a speeder may appear from behind a concealing object, or an automobile may dart into the main highway from a side road. Without thinking that the person or boy may not have good hearing, the driver keeps on his course and sounds the last minute to blow his horn, confident that as usual the walker will hop, skip and jump to safety. Then to the driver's horror, the pedestrian does not look around or leap out of the way, but continues crossing across the street in a leisurely manner, totally unaware that there has been a swift change in the situation since he looked up, and down the street and then started to the other side. Sometimes the driver's mind and his brakes are equal to the emergency, but too often they are not.

The English authorities believe these could be fewer accidents if automobile drivers relied less on their horns. Notices are London motorists were forbidden to use their horns at night in certain areas. The object was to decrease street noises so Londoners could sleep better. But the regulations also reduced the number of accidents because it made drivers more careful.

Mr. W. Olding, Who Stands 7 Feet Six Inches Tall, and Who Weighs 336 Pounds, Is Shown Being Measured for a Costume Which He Will Wear in a Pageant in England. He Will Have the Character of St. Michael the Archangel.

The Town of Doddington, England, Approves Signs Like That Shown Above to be Worn by Deaf and Blind Persons, to Help Cut Down the Motor Accidents in Which Unfortunate or Afflicted Persons Are Injured on the Highways.

Saint's Role for Tallest Man

MR. W. OLDING is quite accustomed to having his fellow men look up to him. In fact, that is the only way they can see him at all, for he stands seven feet six inches tall and weighs 336 pounds. So when the Waifs and Strays Society of London decided they wanted a dominating figure to play the part of St. Michael the Archangel in their pageant this past Summer they naturally thought of Mr. Olding, who claims to be the tallest man in England.

But making his costume was a problem. The dressmaker called in to do the job took one look at him, threw up her hands and exclaimed: "Good heavens, how will I ever be able to measure you?" That did not disturb Mr. Olding. He laughed and said he supposed she would have to follow the system used by his regular tailors. She would have to use a step-ladder, and a tall one at that. So she did.

It was certainly a novel experience for her, and it must have seemed almost as odd as if she were making a new dress for the Statue of Liberty. Measuring the shoulders was the most difficult part of it, and to do that she had to perch herself in a precarious position. The wings of this giant "angel" were six feet long, and in all, twenty yards of cloth were needed to make his flowing robes.

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Tried to Wreck the Whole Train to Kill Her Husband

While Mrs. Vann and Her Boy Friend Watched From a Truck, the Prosecution Charged, the Two Colored Men Worked Upon the Rails to Displace Them So the Train, of Which Her Husband Was Engineer, Would Be Wrecked and He Be Killed.

How a Shoe and a Sharp-Nosed Hound Revealed the Remarkable Reason for Trying to Derail the Florida Express---But the Old Engineer Still Won't Believe His Wife Guilty, Even Though the Jury Did

MRS. MARY BARNETT VANN of Pensacola, Florida, has not been considered to be a man of one of the most remarkable men to get out of a tremendous fuss we have witnessed in the criminal history of the state. Mrs. Vann is an ex-railroad engineer (more specifically, Travis W. Vann, an engineer on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad).

The divorce court, it is here supposed, not unwisely assisted in severing the bonds of matrimony. Despite Mr. Vann didn't have enough money to make a legal fight. Her husband, however, had a tidy bit of insurance on his life with the customary double provision. So the payment of Vann the amount of the policy if he were killed in the course of his duties, it is certainly could not be a fatal accident if the divorcee, him in the usual way. Furthermore, if she for any wouldn't be able to collect a cent of that insurance. Drowning and various other quick, messy, and painful accidents for Mr. Vann may have been dangers. So Mrs. Vann is charged, some to a "master" decree in such a no common think of ★ one less shot—and apparently he did. But it didn't have anything to do with spoils of that sort. Perhaps marital love suggestion outlined that to maybe it was merely the sinister instructions of the husband's acceptance that he spared the novel plan.

Despite what a wife set out to get a divorce she is accompanied by lawyers armed with a brief case filled with documents. But the State charged that the instruments used in this case were a spike-puller, a crowbar and a large monkey-wrench, and that Mrs. Vann's accomplices and assistants were Allen Langston, the 16-year-old Negro chauffeur of Mrs. Vann's mother-in-law, Alice Fontaine; a 19-year-old Negro schoolboy, and Earl Travis, an ex-railroad man. Of course, Travis did not figure in the actual attempt to wreck the train, but he was said to be one of the men who sold the tools to Mrs. Vann.

Likewise, when a woman is bent on severing the bonds of matrimony she must usually pay for the privilege. Mrs. Vann's bill for the final settlement of her case was $10,000 in cash. Of this sum, $5,000 was paid to Mr. Vann as a settlement for his interest in the property which they had accumulated during their married life. The remaining $5,000 was paid to Mr. Vann's attorneys for handling the case.

Travis and Mrs. Vann, it was charged, had met on the train on which Travis was employed as a fireman. Mrs. Vann, who was traveling with her husband, was a frequent passenger on the train. Travis and Mrs. Vann became friendly, and it was charged that they were lovers. Mrs. Vann, it was charged, had asked Travis to help her get rid of her husband, and Travis had agreed to do so.

The Negroes did their work well. Using a wrench, they removed the bolts from a rail on a sharp curve on the outskirts of Pensacola, about 100 miles from Mobile, Alabama. Then they replaced the bolts loosely, so that the rail would be displaced by the weight of a train. Then they hid in the woods and waited.

Mr. Vann, who was engineer on the train, was due to leave Pensacola at 11:30 P.M. on the night of the attempted wreck. He was to haul a sixteen-car train of passengers to Mobile, Alabama, where Langston and Travis were to meet him. Mrs. Vann, who was traveling with her husband, was to get off the train at Pensacola, where she was to be met by Travis and a Negro boy. Travis and the boy were to accompany her to Mobile, where they were to meet Mr. Vann and the train.

Mrs. Vann, it was charged, had arranged with Travis that they were to be married in Mobile. Then they were to go to Havana, Cuba, for their honeymoon.

Mr. Vann left Pensacola on time. He was in the cab of his engine, and he was accompanied by a fireman and a brakeman. Behind the engine were the express car, the mail car, the baggage car, and the passenger coaches. Mrs. Vann was in the last coach.

Mr. Vann had been warned that the only reason he was not being replaced was because he was a veteran engineer. He had been told that he was being watched, and that the slightest irregularity in his handling of the train would result in his dismissal. He was determined to keep his job, and he was driving his train with the greatest care.

As he approached Pensacola, he was in fact a sudden, sharp pang of regret that he might be forced to retire. He thought for a fleeting moment of the unsuspecting passengers—a number of them that day and night—who relied on him for their safety. He was not suspicious that anything unusual was going on. Then, suddenly, he felt his locomotive lurch violently. He heard a terrific crash. He felt his locomotive tilt. He knew that the engine was going over.

Using a notch no greater than one-sixteenth of an inch for the purpose, he reversed the lever and applied the air brakes. The train came to a halt with a terrific, jarring clank. Mr. Vann held his breath and then looked around. He knew that the engine striking was removed. Breathing easier, he looked back and watched. Soon the last coach had passed over the place and had come to a halt. A little while later he was in Pensacola, reporting the location of the defective rail which he had accidentally noticed. He had been observed.

It was a few hours later that the only reason he is alive was that his wife had told Mr. Vann a little white lie concerning the circumstances of her departure. She had removed the spikes and the track-rail. It must have been drawn to the attention of Mr. Vann that the spikes were missing, and he would, in the course of a train's journey, find the engine would have run directly into the ditch, and not only Mrs. Vann, but her companions as well, would have been killed

Robbed On Wedding Eve—By His Own Fiancee

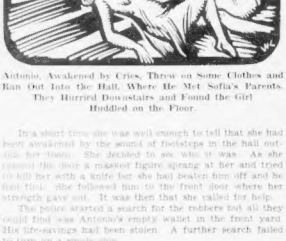
ANTONIO GONZALEZ knows that the love of money is the root of all evil but he never suspected that the roots were planted deep in the heart of the lovely young girl he was going to marry.

Gonzalez is a wealthy, middle-aged farmer living in the town of Lasaca, in northern Spain. His eighteen-year-old sweetheart, Sofia Iturieta, lives with her mother and father a few miles away at Virgana, and it was to their house that he traveled two days before the wedding to give his bride presents a sum of money, in exchange for their daughter, according to the custom of the country.

As soon as he arrived he decided that the best way to show his good-will was to give them the marriage settlement right away. At dinner that night he took out his wallet and handed over a big wad of money to the delighted couple. No one missed the fact that his wallet was still thick with crisp, new bills after he paid the marriage settlement. The girl's father warned Antonio that it was not safe to carry so much money and Antonio laughed and boasted that he guessed he could take care of himself. Besides he was going to put the money, which represented all of his hard-earned savings, in the bank the first thing next morning in order for his young bride.

When Sofia heard that she was not going to have any of the money to spend on herself she felt disappointed and angry. She had a taste for nice things and she expected "the old farmer," as she called Gonzalez, to shower her with presents. Her mother and father had told her again and again that she was making a fine match and that she would be the envy of all the girls in the neighborhood. But the more she thought about it the more Sofia felt that her future husband was a tightwad and that any money he made would go in the bank.

Sofia insisted that Antonio stay for the night and he was delighted to accept and thanked by her kindness. The whole sweet home was early and Antonio slept soundly until about three o'clock in the morning when he was awakened by noises and cries for help. He threw on some clothes and ran out into the hall where he met Sofia's parents rushing from doorways in the girls' rooms. It was empty. The two men looked at each other horrified to find Sofia huddled on the floor near the front door, her face and hands red and streaming blood. They carried her to her room and called a doctor and the police.



Antonio, Awakened by Cries, Threw on Some Clothes and Ran Out Into the Hall, Where He Met Sofia's Parents. They Hurried Downstairs and Found the Girl Huddled on the Floor.

In a short time she was well enough to tell that she had been awakened by the sound of footsteps in the hall outside her room. She decided to see who it was. As she opened the door a masked figure sprang at her and tried to stab her with a knife but she beat them off and he fled. She followed him to the front door where her strength gave out. It was then that she called for help.

The police started a search for the robbers but all they could find were Antonio's empty wallet in the front yard. His life-savings had been stolen. A further search failed to turn up a single clue.

Gonzalez felt sick over the whole matter. It was bad enough to have lost his money but to have found having your sweetheart attacked and nearly cut to pieces by thieves. Now, he figured, he didn't even have enough money to buy a wedding ring. The marriage would have to be called off and he would have to start saving all over again. The girl's father agreed with the plan to postpone the wedding. He didn't want his daughter married to a penniless farmer.

While Antonio was packing his bags to go back to his home the chief of police, who had been handling the case, came to the house. He told Gonzalez that he was not satisfied with the way the case was going and he wanted to ask Sofia some more questions. Would Gonzalez mind coming along too? The two men went to the girl's room where the chief was dressing and questioning her.

She was asked to tell her story once again and while she was taking the police official noticed that the wounds on the girl's body were mostly superficial. He called the doctor aside, spoke with him for a few minutes and then asked everyone to leave the room. He wished to speak to Sofia alone. When they had all gone the official suddenly told Sofia: "You stole the money, didn't you?"

The young girl burst into tears. She confessed that the sight of so much money had made her head swim. She didn't love Antonio. She was only marrying him because her family had always been so poor and the money would mean so much to them. But if all of it were going in the bank, how could they ever have a chance to spend on herself and the thought of being tied down to an old miser all her life didn't appeal to her. When everyone had gone to bed that night she had entered Antonio's room and stolen the wallet. Without it, of course, they could not be married. Then, Sofia deliberately cut herself with a razor as though she had been attacked in a struggle with thieves. She had gone downstairs, thrown the wallet out in the front yard and called for help.

She was arrested and the money was found where she had hidden it, between the folds of her wedding dress. Antonio was called in and given back his hoard. When he heard the story he forgave Sofia and asked the police not to put her in jail. The only cruise he said that she committed was against herself. She had misjudged the sharpness of the razor and the scars which the wounds would leave would probably disfigure her for life. As for himself, Antonio confessed, he didn't know whether to be glad or sorry. He had recovered his money but he had lost his sweetheart.

Lured To Death On Island Of Beautiful Vampire Women

A WEATHER-BEATEN skipper of many years in the South Seas recently arrived in London on his way to France. He has told a story that rivals fiction in its uncanny strangeness.

When Captain Manuel Beauregard, 60, finished loading his coasting schooner Mercator with beche-de-mer on the northern coast of Vanua-levu, Fiji Islands, for a Chinese trade in the Philippines, he little realized what lay ahead of him. Captain Beauregard had come out of Oceania from Marseilles, France, a good many years ago and had done well trading among the islands.

His first mate, Pierre Lafonde, a fine-looking Frenchman about 25 years old, he had found stranded without money at the Solomon Islands. Sympathizing at the hard luck of a fellow countryman, he had given him a berth.

The four other members of his crew were Melanesians with dark complexions and wooly hair. They were strong and young.

Steaming somewhere in those treacherous seas near the Indian Archipelago, the Mercator struck an uncharted rock and tore a great hole in her bottom. She rapidly filled and sank within an hour. So Captain Beauregard and his men found themselves afloat in a ship's yawl, which they had stocked well with provisions. The skipper had saved his charts and now figured that he could not be far from the Solomon Islands.

But the currents around Melanesia were contrary and darkness came on. For hours they were carried this way and that until all sense of direction was lost. For two days they drifted aimlessly until finally an island loomed up dead ahead.

Captain Beauregard and his men discovered an abundance of such food as bananas, plantains, bread fruit, oranges and pineapples which made a welcome relief from the ship's biscuit and stale water he had been doling out. A spring of crystal clearness gushed from the rocky shores. That night they slept comfortably in the open and on the following day started to explore.

To be sure, cannibalism, which had once been universal throughout most of this great archipelago, had been suppressed, largely through the efforts of missionaries, away back in 1854. At least, it had been driven to the most remote isles and was now a seldom discussed subject. Yet Captain Beauregard had a rifle and his mate, Lafonde, carried a revolver.

It proved to be a very large island, several miles long and proportionately wide. Lafonde suggested that he go in one direction, the captain in another, while the four Melanesians should also spread out. This seemed a feasible way in which to explore the island quickly and the party struck out agreeing to return to camp before dark.

Let us follow Mate Pierre Lafonde as Captain Beauregard has reconstructed his experiences from the evidence disclosed. After half an hour of walking and scrambling through the dense tropical vegetation, Lafonde came upon an unexpected and bewildering scene. He was on the edge of a small pond whose waters looked cool and inviting. On the shore opposite to where he stood just about to bathe were six girls of dusky beauty, apparently in their teens.

Undoubtedly they were the offspring of Polynesian and Melanesian parents and, except for their wooly hair, might almost have passed as white girls. Unadorned they stood as nature had created them, plump, alluring, unabashed.

Lafonde Saw on the Opposite Shore Six Girls of Dusky Beauty, Who Motioned Him to Join Them in Splashing About in the Water. He Did, Not at All Suspecting How Near Death Was.

Spying Lafonde, they flashed him bewitching smiles and beckoned for him to join them in a swim and frolic.

Poor Pierre! Could he be blamed for acquiescing. How was he to know that here again was soon to be enacted a parallel case to Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Despite his half-hearted protests, the maidens swarmed over Pierre, stripping his dungarees, his only garment, quickly from him and dragging him into the water. It was all a delicious delirium to the Frenchman, who now fairly revelled in the warm kisses and soft embraces of these South Sea nymphs.

Then came the cataclysm for Lafonde. In a flash these lovely houris changed to venomous vultures. Although the Frenchman was strong so were these wild women. He was overpowered by sheer force of numbers. Smiles changed to bestial snarls. Fair faces were now contorted with the blood lust of inherited cannibalism. They bore him back on the hot sands, biting and snapping like mad wolves at his naked flesh. Screams of agony and shrieks for help were soon stifled.

With guttural animal noises, these ghouls literally sucked the man's life blood from his body. Weaker and weaker he grew until at last he lay still. Then and then only did these creatures of the tropics silently disappear into the forest.

Captain Beauregard had good reason for these distressing deductions. When Lafonde failed to return that night, there was nothing that could be done until daylight came again. But the next morning he and his four seamen set out across the island in the direction the mate had taken. They soon came upon the victim's corpse.

Silently as possible they bore the body back toward the camp at the shore. But Captain Beauregard was not satisfied. He wanted to learn what had happened. So handing his rifle and the revolver he had retrieved from Lafonde's dungarees, lying on the sand, to his men, he started back, telling them to follow. They were instructed to keep just out of sight, but to come with a rush if called.

He reached the pond again just as the six sirens came trooping gaily, carefully, out of the forest. Evidently, these murderous maidens drew no age line, young or old were alike their prey. Before the somewhat enamored captain could realize what was about to happen and despite, it must be confessed, a rather feeble resistance at being stripped of his scanty clothing, he found himself made love to in a most ardent manner. Then he was horrified at the metamorphosis of angels to ghouls. He yelled for help.

With cries of baffled rage, the sirens fled before the armed force. Soon the hoarse shouts of others were heard in the forest. Evidently these female cannibals had their male mates. Carrying Lafonde's body, the fleeing party just managed to reach the shore, jump into the yawl and push off before a swarm of excited natives, men and women, rushed out of the underbrush brandishing spears.

There followed three days of pulling the heavy oars when finally a tramp steamer saw them and stopped to take them aboard, weak and half starved. They were landed on the New Hebrides. A coaster carried the captain and his Melanesians back to the Fijis. With two bad bites on his shoulder, Captain Beauregard suddenly soured on the whole South Seas and so headed back homeward. The island of his terrible experience may have been any one of a hundred remote spots in the archipelago.

Makes His Living Eating Bees, Wasps, Spiders

WHEN William Ward, of LaGrange, Georgia, is hungry he thrusts his hand into one of his bee-hives and brings out a swarm of the stinging insects which he eats alive, one by one. For dessert he may top off his meal with a fat, juicy wasp or a deadly poisonous black widow spider.

His curious diet never seems to affect his digestion; in fact his appetite is so good that once he starts his insect meal he finds it hard to stop. Hundreds of people come each year to watch Mr. Ward and his educated stomach perform and while he doesn't charge admission he figures that the average group of three or four curious visitors hands him about a dollar, which gives him a fairly good income.

He learned the trick of eating insects from a circus performer who came to LaGrange a number of years ago. At that time Ward kept about a dozen bee-hives, using most of the honey on his family table and selling the rest. The performer was the star of the circus and his entire act consisted of eating a handful of bees. When the circus came to LaGrange the bee-eater asked Ward to supply him with thirty or forty bees a day as long as the show stayed in town.

Ward gave him enough bees for the first day and that night went to see the show. He was so fascinated by the bee-eating act that he went backstage, after the show was over, and begged the performer to show him the trick. The man agreed to teach him the secret of it on condition that Ward pay him five dollars cash, buy a ticket to every remaining performance and provide him, free of charge, with bees for the remainder of his stay. It was agreed and one night the show closed Ward's ambition was realized. The trick was so easy that, in a few minutes after being shown, he was eating bees like an old-timer. But he had to swear never to tell the secret to a soul and the sideshow performer assured him that the trick had never been explained before.

Shortly after the show left town its bee-eating star died of ptomaine poisoning, caused perhaps by an accumulation of bees' wings in the man's stomach. At any rate his death left Ward in sole possession of the secret.

At first Ward began to eat bees just to prove to his friends that he could. Then his reputation spread and people came to bet him that he couldn't eat bees. He began to make money by winning the bets and his trick soon grew into a profitable business.

A magician once offered him one hundred dollars for an explanation of the performance but the offer was turned down. Ward says he will never reveal the secret, although he doesn't mind hinting that the trick is successful only when the insect is pointing in exactly the right direction when it is placed in the mouth. If the bee goes down the wrong way the resulting sting may cause the death of the swallower.

The trick doubtless depends upon some secret method of persuading the bee to remain docile until it gets well on its way down the swallower's throat, and after that it is probably too disconcerted by the strange experience to do any stinging. Before it has time to recover from its surprise and get its stinger into action it is suffocated. But whatever Ward's method may be, spectators show no marked inclination to imitate the stunt.

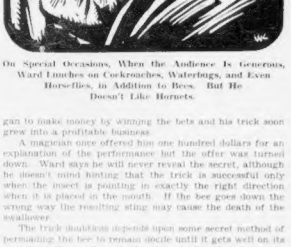
Once Ward became angry when several men in a pool-room laughed at his boast that he could eat twenty-five bees at a sitting. He sent for the bees and while he was waiting drank several glasses of beer. The beer, he later admitted, must have made him too confident for he was stung no less than six times during his performance. His throat and tongue were so swollen that he could hardly speak or eat for a week.

On special occasions when the audience is generous, Ward munches on cockroaches, waterbugs and even hornets, but he doesn't do it often for it usually gives him indigestion. He doesn't relish hornets, for their sting can be poisonous. They have been known to temporarily paralyze a horse and kill a small animal like a rabbit or a squirrel with their sting. Ward figures he would probably die if one should sting him in the throat because it would take some time for doctors to reduce the swelling enough to allow him to breathe. He has eaten dozens of them, but the crowd must collect at least three dollars for him before he will undertake it.

He is particularly fond of spiders and his mouth waters when it comes to eating a black, widow spider, one of the deadliest stingers in the insect world. Much to the amazement of the doctors he never has any ill effects and he has come to the conclusion that the black widow's poison is harmful only when it is injected directly into the blood stream.

He has turned down several offers to join circuses and side-shows because he prefers to remain at home where he can do his work when he feels like it. Ward is now in his sixties and with the profits of his performances has bought a vegetable farm and a filling-station on the principal highway leading into LaGrange. His bee-eating stimulates his filling-station business for many of the automobiles, which bring people to see him, fill up with gasoline for their homeward journey.

His vegetable farm is profitable and his bees yield honey which he sells readily to his audiences, who he says never haggle over his prices. He is saved the expense of hauling his produce to town by having his purchasers come to him and besides, he says, he can do a better job when he performs right in his own front yard.



On Special Occasions, When the Audience Is Generous, Ward Lunches on Cockroaches, Waterbugs, and Even Horseflies, in Addition to Bees. But He Doesn't Like Hornets.

Church Services Only Once In Every Seven Years

DESPITE the strides made by science in devising swift and efficient means of transportation, there are still many small settlements scattered throughout the Western Hemisphere, where, because of the difficulty in reaching them, church services can be held only at infrequent intervals. Sometimes months and even years pass before a chaplain or priest can make a return visit to a particularly out of the way settlement which welcomes his services.

Although giant passenger airplanes travel hundreds of miles in a few hours as they fly along the western coast of South America, they roar over many little outposts of civilization which have church services on an average of only once in seven years. Quite often many changes occur between visits of the bishop of the diocese who makes the difficult trip personally because these tiny settlements cannot maintain a chaplain of their own.

Three such settlements are in the far flung diocese of the Right Rev. John Reginald Weller, a vigorous man of fifty-six, who is Lord Bishop of 4,000 miles of territory on the western coast of South America as well as the lonely Falkland Islands which lie in the South Atlantic Ocean near the tip of South America.

From one end of South America to the other, serving his widely scattered flock the silver-haired Bishop roams, leading the strenuous life of the American circuit rider of old, with the addition of some modern trimmings. Like the circuit rider he is thoroughly at home in the saddle and it is a routine task for him to ride fifty miles through the lush hot jungles or over arid mountains, encountering adventure at every turn in the trail.

Unlike the old-time circuit rider, however, he has the advantage of being able to fly between the larger cities and he has made such lengthy trips as 1,400 miles between Santiago, Chile and Lima, Peru, and another 1,400 miles the next day to Guayaquil, Ecuador, with just one night of rest between the two flights.

"I get plenty of traveling on my job. On a tour of my northern diocese which lasted four months I was rarely more than a day in any one settlement and five days was my longest halt," he recently told a friend. "That is one of the great difficulties of my territory. It is impossible to provide a chaplain for small settlements of sixty to seventy people and in some of the places I visited they had not had an English church service for over seven years."

In addition to being a seasoned aerial traveler and an expert horseman, it is sometimes necessary for the Bishop to call other abilities into play. Climbing the lofty Andes on foot and sailing a small boat between the stormy little islands of the Falklands have contributed to his many adventures.

The Bishop is a patient man, a quality which he not only brings forth when traveling in primitive native conveyances, but also when conducting services for members of his flock. Sometimes he finds on visiting an isolated settlement that so much time has elapsed since his previous visit that although they are eager to receive him, members have forgotten part or all of the church services, and must be given instruction all over again.

On his own part, the Bishop is often amazed at the changes which take place between his infrequent visits. Youngsters whom he had last seen in their teens have grown to manhood and old, familiar faces of people whom he had remembered as being in the prime of life have passed on.

Now concerned at the length of time that elapses between his visits to some of these outlying settlements, the Bishop recently made a rapid trip to London, determined to remedy the situation.

"I want to take back with me six athletic chaplains for unoccupied stations in my diocese—healthy young folk, fit enough to stand the rough life out there," he told his welcomers.

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Curious Economies of Hetty Green, Multi-Millionaire Miser

Anecdotes of an Extraordinary Woman Who Loved Her Riches So Much That She Tried to Handle Them Even From the Grave

Hetty Knew She Could Make Several Thousand Dollars By Getting to New York From Philadelphia Quickly. But There Were No Trains. So She Hired a Special Train, Found She Could Save $5 By Cutting Off the Coach and Riding With the Engineer; Ordered This Done and Rode All the Way Standing in the Engine.

The Late Hetty Green, Miser and Financial Witch, in the Shabby Black Bombazine Cloak and Dress and Old Hat Which Was Her Habitual Costume, Her Famous Black Bag Under the Cloak.

Hetty Had a Shrewd Sense of Humor, and Once When the Late Joseph Choate Was Prosecuting a Case Against Her and Approaching His Climax, Hetty Suddenly Pulled a Pillow-Case Out of Her Reticule and Burst Into Mock Tears and Sobs, Gasping—"He's Going to Break My Heart!" Whereupon Judge, Jury and Courtroom Broke Into Laughter, Thus Destroying All the Effect of Mr. Choate's Eloquence.

THE late Mrs. Hetty Green was dressed always in rusty black and carried about her cloak an equally shabby black bag which sometimes held as much as $1,000,000 in negotiable securities, without doubt the most remarkable character that New York's Wall Street and the financial world ever knew. She was also one of the most remarkable misers. Shrewd and far-seeing, Hetty saved for fifty years as long as the world kept her virtues the amassing and preservation of them.

Through the recent death of her son Colonel Edward H. R. Green it was revealed that she had planned to guide the destiny of those millions even from her grave. When Colonel Green died, as the will was read, it was found that he had not left any profits of his immense fortune in his estate, amounting at $50,000,000, to his wife, Mrs. Mabel Huttleston Green. Instead, everything went to his sister, Mrs. Sylvia Ayer Wilks. And it was further revealed that the reason for this was a clause in his mother's will which provided that upon the death of either of her two children either one was to receive his or her share of the estate while one half remained equally between son and daughter.

Her unbroken record of determination to keep her millions in the family, of successful or whether the grip of her dead hands will be loosed, is a question for the courts. Mrs. Green's widow sues to break the will, has named counsel and contracts for a judge in Texas where Colonel Green had a home and given control of the estate.

The "richest woman" Hetty practiced a building-up process on her business there because she was such a good customer. She roamed about the bank, using any loan that suited her. Sometimes she would sit on the cold stone floor with her books and bags all around her, including the one she carried on one of her big deals. The second hand her from getting hurt, and she believed it killed disease germs. It distressed her to spend a nickel on lunch, and when she had to buy her meals she ate at Manhattan restaurants of cheap repute. As often as she could she helped herself to the food the bank officials had sent in for themselves.

Before moving, that one of the bank's vaults she insisted on taking, in spite of dust on the second floor, including a couple and a buggy room beneath the offices. Finally persuaded her to quit. Then, to reduce the wheels to a minimum, she had them taken off the time in ball-bearings in New Jersey to escape paying New York taxes, she frequently went in extra black dress or as hanging in the bank's vaults along with her stocks and bundles of stocks and bonds.

She happened to be in Philadelphia one day when she saw a chance to make several thousand dollars if she could get to New York before the stock market closed. Unable to do that in any scheduled train, she asked the railroad company when a special train would cost her. When told the price of engine and coach, she snapped: "Too much." After haggling a while she said: "Take off the coach and I'll ride on the locomotive." And that is where, standing on the cowcatcher, her precious black bag as she stood behind the engineer in the roaring, swaying cab, urging him time after time to go faster.

But for all her stinginess, she was not without a sense of humor, and sometimes she used it to good advantage. In one of her ever lasting lawsuits over money, Joseph Choate, the suave and famous lawyer, was representing the other side. In the distant days when Hetty was a debutante, before her life had been warped by her passion for making money, she had known and danced with Mr. Choate and she greatly feared the effect his celebrated eloquence would have on the jury. During the first part of the trial she stayed out of court to avoid process-servers who were waiting to pounce on her with subpoenas in other suits. But on the final days she disguised herself with a heavy Spanish veil, slipped past the doorman, and wormed herself, unobserved, into a seat in the front row.

The just as the silver-tongued Mr. Choate swung into the brilliant climax of his final argument, Hetty drew out a large, stiffly-starched pillow case, and swaying back and forth startled sibbing "He is going to break my heart!" This was so ridiculous that the judge, jury and spectators stood in a roar of laughter, and Mr. Choate was unable to finish his beautiful oration.

Her idea of charity was to lend money to churches at 2 per cent. But a loan was a loan, not a gift, and when the time came she always wanted her money back. A minister once wrote her that she would be lost to Heaven if she insisted on payment of a $50,000 mortgage she held on his church, and she replied, "Then you better climb up on the cornerstone and start praying for my soul right away because I'm going to foreclose within thirty days." And she did.

One day she astonished New York police authorities by demanding a permit to carry a pistol, and afterwards spent an hour a day at target practice.

Only once did she ever draw her gun on anyone. That was when Collis P. Huntington, railroad magnate, threatened to have her son put in jail during a controversy over a Texas line. Flourishing the pistol in his face, she said:

"Up to now you've been dealing with Hetty Green, the business woman. But now you're dealing with Hetty Green, the mother. Harm one hair of that boy's head, and I'll put a bullet through your brain."

Mr. Huntington left in such a hurry his tall silk hat toppled off, and had to send the bank's doorman back for it.

Hetty hated Huntington. Learning that he owed about $2,000,000 to a certain bank, she quietly deposited money in that same bank, much to the delight of the president, who was only too glad to have her as a customer. But when her balance had reached about $1,600,000, she suddenly swooped down on the head of that bank, telling him she had heard he had been making doubtful loans, and demanding her entire deposit on the spot, in cash. Despite the president's almost tearful pleading, she insisted until she got her money, which made such a large bundle she had to borrow one of the bank's messengers to carry it away for her. To save the bank, the president then had to do just what Hetty knew he would. He immediately demanded payment of the $2,000,000 owed by Huntington, who had a desperate time raising it on such short notice.

When she finally got possession of the Texas railroad by foreclosing a mortgage, she sent her son to run it, and he had as much trouble with people who wanted to ride for nothing that he wrote her for advice. Hetty sent him the following list of Biblical texts, arranged like a calendar:

Monday. "Thou shalt not pass." Numbers, 20:18.

Tuesday. "Suffered not a man to pass." Judges, 3:28.

Wednesday. "The wicked shall no more pass." Nahum 1:15.

Thursday. "This generation shall not pass." Mark, 13:30.

Friday. "By a perpetual decree that it cannot pass." Jeremiah, 5:22.

Saturday: "None shall pass." Isaiah, 34:10.

Sunday: "So he paid the fare thereof, and went." Jonah 1:3.

Any time Hetty was forced to stay over night in New York she went to some out-of-the-way hotel and left early the next morning, for fear that if she had any regular place of staying in the city the authorities might be able to prove she had established legal residence, and thus clamp down on her for taxes. This was the reason that for years she dodged around from first one boarding house to another in Hoboken and Jersey City. Usually she had no trunk, but carried her few belongings herself, in suitcases or wrapped in newspapers. So little baggage did she have that often suspicious landladies demanded a week's rent in advance from the richest woman in this country.

Her appearance was so shabby that these landladies sometimes refused to let her eat in the dining room with the other boarders, but that did not annoy her, for she preferred to have her meals in the kitchen. In her hall bedroom she would wash her own handkerchiefs and undergarments, hanging them on the backs of chairs to dry. Once when she decided to indulge in the extravagance of letting someone else do her washing, she got into a quarrel over how much this was costing her. The washerwoman said it would cost less if she had less laundry, and Hetty replied, "Splendid! In the future just wash the lower half of my petticoats."

Frequently she tried to hide her identity behind assumed names, and for several years she lived in a $15-a-month Hoboken tenement with the name of her dog, "Dewey," on the doorplate. But she finally ran away from that place to escape paying a $2 license fee for Dewey. Wherever she lived, she held the janitor responsible for the return of the milk bottles, to save a few cents daily.

She occasionally indulged in epigrams of which the following are samples:

"Never buy anything because it is cheap. Wait—it will be cheaper."

"The safest place for widows to put their money is in a savings bank."

"To spend money uselessly is a sin."

"If there were fewer fools in the world there would be less talk."

"Never owe anybody anything, not even kindness."

"If a man owes you $500, it don't accept $500.15."

"Determination and good sense are more use than books."

Her novice in her son with which it was her custom to conclude her letters to him was:

"Eat slowly. Don't drink at meals. Keep out of draughts and don't stay up all night."

Soon after her son finished college she decided to see just how trustworthy he was. She sent for him and giving him a package she said contained $25,000 in negotiable securities, told him to take it to a certain bank in San Francisco. Duly impressed, the young man kept scarcely at all while crossing the continent, so vigilantly did he watch his satchel. But when the package was opened in the San Francisco bank he discovered it contained nothing but canceled insurance policies. Hetty wanted to find out if he could be trusted—but she wasn't willing to risk losing anything to do it.

When Sylvia, her daughter, was 16, Hetty decided the time had come to present her to society. She had kept the daughter in close seclusion, in her Hoboken tenement, which was obviously no place for a fashionable debut.

In 1903, just eight years before the old woman died, she startled everyone by suddenly moving from her cheap New Jersey flat to one of the most expensive hotels in New York, where for a month she and Sylvia occupied the Royal suite at $50 a day—the one time in her life when she threw caution to the winds and indulged in extravagance. Discarding her rusty black bombazine cloak and dress and her ancient bonnet, which she had worn for 50 years, Hetty blossomed out in a new silk dress and a hat with two plush roses on it. She even went to a beauty parlor.

Daughter Sylvia's Debut Her One and Only Extravagance.

Then she gave a dinner for seventeen guests at $20 a head, served on gold plates rented from a jeweler. Most astonishing of all, she loosened up to the extent of breaking her hard and fast rule against tipping, passing out $50 to the waiters. She paid $9 a bottle for the wine.

Soon after this unprecedented splurge, Hetty sent for the hotel manager, and while Miss Sylvia stood by, her eyes red from weeping, the mother announced she was moving out right away, giving no explanation. She went back to her tenement.

One of the guests at Sylvia's "coming out" party was Matthew Astor Wilks, who was 65, a great grandson of the first John Jacob Astor, and generally referred to as "the beau of many seasons." But when he proposed marriage, Hetty vigorously opposed it, because of his age.

But Sylvia had her way about it, and the following year Hetty again astonished everyone by appearing at her daughter's wedding wearing a fortune in diamonds. She had been collecting them for years as an investment, believing the price would go up, and she said she thought she might as well wear them, since it cost nothing to do so. But that was the only time she ever did wear them.

Although Hetty came from a socially prominent family, and as the daughter of Edward Mott Robinson, of New Bedford, Massachusetts, inherited a million dollars, she had a great contempt for people in fashionable circles.

When she married Edward H. Green, himself wealthy, she demanded a pre-nuptial contract always to support her and any children their might have. Not long after the birth of her second child, Mr. Green lost every cent he had, about $700,000, speculating in Wall Street. That soured Hetty. She could not stand anyone who lost money, not even the father of her children. So she left him, moving to Hoboken, and he lived the rest of his life in a hotel, in a New York hotel, on a small allowance she gave him.

A year after his mother's death Col. Green, her son, married Miss Mabel E. Harlow, of Chicago, whom he had known for 10 years.

Until that same time he and his sister both blossomed out in an era of spending that might well have made Hetty turn over in her grave. Mrs. Wilks, who would get all the money if the courts did not set aside the will, bought herself a $250,000 country place at Alta Crest, near Greenwich, Connecticut, and rented a $122,000 apartment on Fifth Avenue. Not to be outdone, the Colonel paid $500,000 for a steamship that had been used as a Great Lakes cargo carrier, at other $200,000 converting it into a palatial seagoing yacht, several more hundred thousands for a granite mansion at South Dartmouth, Massachusetts, and half a million for a private radio station.

A liberal spender, he sent through college and gave liveries to twenty or more deserving girls he and his wife had taken into their home. At the time of his marriage he offered his wife two million dollars as a wedding present—and it now seems she made a mistake to not taking it, for when she said she wouldn't know what to do with so much money he obligingly reduced the gift to $500,000—and then left her out of his will.

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The Schoolbooks Henry Ford Studied

Quaint Old Woodcuts From the Famous "McGuffey Readers" Which Stirred the Minds of Youngsters Many Years Ago and Inspired Them in Their Studies

(All the pictures on this page are from the wood-blocks of John Karst, who illustrated and designed the old McGuffey Readers.)

Lesson Against Being Naughty.
"Tom Day Was a Bad Boy.
One Day, Bad Tom Day Bit the Ear of Ned Kay * * *
It Was Sad to See So Bad a Boy as Tom Day."

Lesson Against Laziness.
"Get Up, Lucy. Do Not Lie in Bed Now.
It Is Day, and the Sun Is Up * * *
Up, Up, Lucy, Why Do You Lie in Bed?"

Lesson Against Sinfulness.
"Oh! Let Me Do No Sin; But
Aid Me to Do as I Am Bid * * *
Let All I Do, Be Fit for His Eye."

Lesson of Kindness to Animals.
"And Then He Ran to Her, and Laid His Head Upon
Her Arm,
As If He Said: 'I'm Not Afraid,
You'll Keep Me From All Harm.'"

As the schoolbook rang, an odd procession of "students" recently trooped up to an old building on the campus of the Mason University at Oxford, Ohio, to inspect the memory of William Holmes McGuffey, whose "Eclectic Readers" taught generations of American youngsters to read, spell and cipher and also implanted them in courtesy and literature, teaching wholesome moral lessons besides. McGuffey was a professor at Mason University and works his influence there.

Heading the long line of pioneer men and women who were "raised on McGuffey" was Henry Ford, who said that many of his "views" he had learned by heart in the little red schoolhouse read a lasting impression on his life.

This book marks not only the one hundredth anniversary of the publication of the first of the famous McGuffey Readers, but also an anniversary of the birth of John Karst, the illustrator of the books whose quaint woodcuts sharpened the interest of children in the Readers. Through the courtesy of the Ball Stove Company of Fathers, Indiana County, New York, some of these illustrations appear on this page.

The moral of "Old Dan Tucker" (as sung by Ned Kay might seem a little outdated to the present generation, but it has been so vividly portrayed. The picture shows that Tom Day was a much bigger boy than Ned Kay, and therefore a bully. Professor McGuffey asks his readers, "Did Ned Kay care, and then answer promptly cry out the word, 'No, no! Poor Day did.' Poor, Day was a bad boy."

Four little girls appear prominently in the Readers. Virtue was quite evidently a favorite with the author, for she is pictured in all four books. Vice was also represented, but Boy was a good boy. There also seemed to be a demand for Obedience in spite of the fact that Disobedience usually received the first lesson by a whole lot. Perhaps disobedience was the least a great many pioneer boys practiced.

One of the most affectionately remembered characters in the Readers was "Little Lucy," a "woman against her will." Lucy, it seems, was not at all fond of getting up early. Many were the times that Lucy's mother, Mrs. Day, had to call her, "Up, up, Lucy," cries her mother. "Up, up, Lucy, it is day. The sun is up. Why do you lie in bed? Get up, Lucy, get up." Lucy, however, usually managed to get in a few more winks before she finally decided to get up. Then there was Lucy's brother, Frank, who was always getting into trouble. Frank was a boy who was up to all sorts of mischief. He was always getting into scrapes, and Lucy's mother was always scolding him for his misdeeds. Frank, however, was a favorite with the boys, and many of his pranks were undoubtedly practiced by many a pioneer youngster. One of the best loved stories of Frank's adventures was the old nursery rhyme, "Mary had a little lamb." In the late Mr. Karst's illustrations of Mary's pet lamb, we see her following around at the heels of her mistress like a faithful dog. Mary, it seems, was a model girl, always obedient to her parents. "Why, Mary, even the lambs you pause," the teacher tells Mary. "It was not a slander was in saying, the Golden Rule. 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.'"

The "lessons" were not always pleasant. Mr. McGuffey evidently was often a sad sight in 1836. A boy with a mustache on his head. Why does he stand there? What has he done? He has been bad boy. He laughs and talks in school. He is idle and does not learn his lesson. He loves to be idle. He does not look as he should look. He looks like he does not look. For it is red with shame. I hope," says McGuffey, "he will be good, and never have to wear a dunce cap again." If you would please Him you must always be good and obey your parents. The bad boy's shame was a long one, and many school children and instructors could not let it go unnoticed.

Another lesson was taught in the tale of disobedient Frank Brown. "Frank, I am sorry," says Mr. McGuffey, "to tell you that you have to stay in the house with him." "Because you are ill?" Mary thought, worried the young readers and went on to learn the rest of Frank's sad story. It seems that he was tired of his way to school, to play by the side of a pond with a naughty playmate. Frank lost his hat, and he fell in. The bad boy could not pull him out and cried, "Help, help." A poor beggar man and saw to the pond. Alas, it was too late for when he got there poor Frank was dead. Mr. McGuffey says, "Do not stop to play or loiter on the way to school. Do not come with bad boys. They will lead you into sin." After that warning, graphically shown in the illustration by Frank's lifeless, dripping form.

Training Against Illness.
"What Has He Done? He Laughs and Talks in School.
He Loves to Be Idle. Does He Not Look Bad?"

Warning Against Disobedience.
The Sad Fate of a Boy Who Stopped to Play in a Pond on His Way to School, and Was Drowned.

Warning Against Superstition.
"And When I Hear an Idle Tale
Of Monster or of Ghost,
I'll Tell of This, My Lonely Walk,
And One Tall, White Guide-Post."

Kindness to Animals for Older Readers.
"George Is Kind to Jack, and Jack Loves Him Because He Is Kind.
The Kind and Good Are Always Loved."

How the McGuffey Readers Illustrated the Familiar Old Tale of the Boy Who Cried, "Wolf, Wolf!"

In the days when McGuffey's Readers were being widely used, the dream of nearly every boy was to own a pony. McGuffey won the hearts of his young readers with such stories as George and his pony, Jack. "See this fine pony," says the "First Eclectic Reader," as they were called—eclectic meaning selected, or chosen from many a pair of hilberto disobedient young lags bubbles burrowed past the favorite pond next day on the way to school.

"To the good no evil can befall." The difficulties which the sickness get themselves into, always end happily, says Professor McGuffey, as he goes on to tell the story of Harry and the Guide-post. One night, as Harry, a good boy, was groping his way home, "in thickest darkness," he thought he saw "a form of horrid kind."

"It loudly white it upward rose,
Of cloak and mantle bare,
And held its naked arms across
To catch him by the hair.

"Poor Harry felt his blood run cold,
At what before him stood;
But then, thought he, to harm
I've sure
Can happen to the good.

"And when he came well nigh the ghost
That gave him such affright,
He clapped his hands upon his side
And loudly laughed outright.

"For 'twas a friendly guide-post stood,
His watchering steps to guide,
And thus he found that to the good,
No evil could betide."

In the days when McGuffey's Readers were being widely used, the dream of nearly every boy was to own a pony. McGuffey won the hearts of his young readers with such stories as George and his pony, Jack. "See this fine pony," says the "First Eclectic Reader," as they were called—eclectic meaning selected, or chosen from the best. "His name is Jack. He is not black and sleek." The name of the little boy is George. George is a good boy. When he was ten years old his father gave him this pony. George is kind to Jack, and Jack loves him because he is kind. The kind are good and always loved."

Such an appeal could not be turned down even by the naughtiest boy in school.

Professor McGuffey was the first teacher to realize that stories about animals, birds, flowers and living people were more appealing to children than complicated discourses on morality, death and religion, with which most of the textbooks of that time were filled. He revolutionized teaching to march the same way that Karst revolutionized book illustrations. Both men were eager to simplify their material so that it could be understood by the youngest mind. McGuffey's method was to tell the story in words of one syllable if possible, with an easily grasped, yet far-reaching, moral. Karst helped him get his point across by drawing characters which might be identified in the children's minds as friends, or pets, or members of their own family.

To American school children, living in remote villages a few generations ago, these books represented a treasure-chest of stories, proverbs and wisdom, and almost the only source of knowledge they had other than the Bible. McGuffey's way of telling stories to children proved so interesting that much of his "common sense" became part of what might be called the American philosophy of life.

McGuffey often used old, familiar stories to bring out his moral, as in the case of the boy who cried, "Wolf, wolf." A boy was taking care of some sheep, not far from a forest. Near by was a village, and he was told to call for help, as Professor McGuffey told it, if there was any danger.

One day, in order to have some fun, he cried out with all his might: "The wolf is coming, the wolf is coming."

Men came running to destroy the wolf, but finding nothing, "left John laughing in his sleeve." The next day the bad boy did the same thing, although not so many men came to his aid. The third day the wolf came in earnest.

John cried in dismay, "Help, help, the wolf, the wolf!" But not a single man came to help him. The wolf broke into the flock and killed a great many sheep. Among them was a beautiful lamb, which was John's, and which he loved very much.

The reader's moral conclusion is:

"The truth itself is not believed,
From one who often has deceived."

One highly descriptive story must have horrified many young minds of several generations ago. Professor McGuffey did not spare his readers in exposing the fate of a young girl who died in the very act of artificially beautifying herself.

She was found by her family, "grasping a pair of curling-irons, various paraphernalia of the toilet lay about, pins, brooches, ribbon, gloves, etc. Each of her wrists was encircled by a showy gilt bracelet. The glass reflected with frightful infidelity the chimney, fixed features, flushed with rouge and carmine, the traces of a severe struggle, which even the palsying touch of death could not wholly obliterate. Poor creature, she died in the very act of sacrificing at the altar of female vanity. Never have I seen so startling a satire upon human vanity, so repulsive, unsightly, and loathsome a spectacle, as a corpse dressed for a ball. The ghastly visage of death thus leering through the finery of fashion, the 'vain show' of artificial joy, was a horrible mockery of the foolishness of life."

Many of the "pieces" were based on "the horrible mockery of the foolishness of life," because it was the fashion in those days for children to be slightly melancholy.

Many textbooks other than McGuffey's, stressed the advantages of dying at an early age in order to escape the trials and failures which a more mature life might bring.

On the other hand such stories as "Meddlesome Matty" livened up the more sober pages. "Matilda, though a pleasant child," had one grievous fault. She was a busy-body. "In vain you told her not" to touch, for Pick of meddling grew as much." One day Matty's grandmamma went out and, by mistake, laid her spectacles and snuff-box too near the little maid.

"I know that grandmamma would say,
'Don't meddle with it, dear,'
But then she's far enough away,
And no one else is near.
Beside, what can there be amiss,
In opening such a box as this?"

She opened the box, and a cloud of snuff staggered her. She ran about sneezing violently.

Matilda, smarting with the pain,
And tingling still and sore,
Made many a promise to refrain
From meddling evermore.
And 'tis a fact, as I have heard,
She ever since has kept her word."

The moral lesson that Professor McGuffey taught had a wide circulation, for the total sales of the Readers has been estimated at well over 125 million copies, printed in more than a dozen different languages.

The deep impression which the books must have made on young readers is explained by Professor McGuffey himself in a preface to one of the readers. He says that his selections were chosen "in addition to a range of leading authors as possible, to present the best specimens of style, to insure interest in the subjects, to impart valuable information and to exert a healthful and moral influence."

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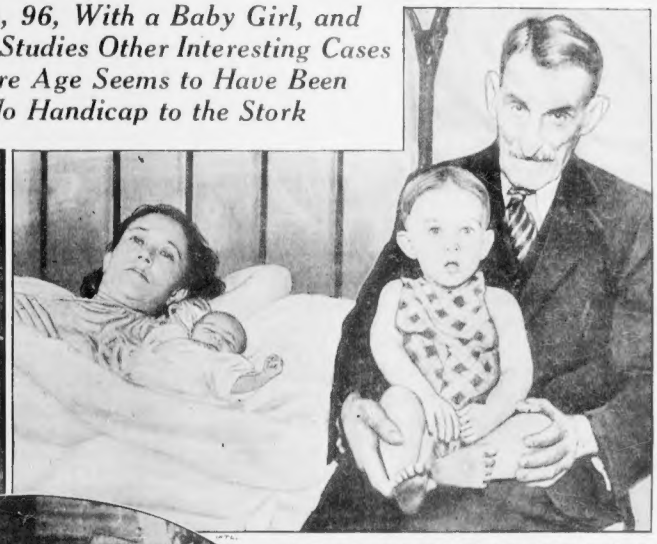
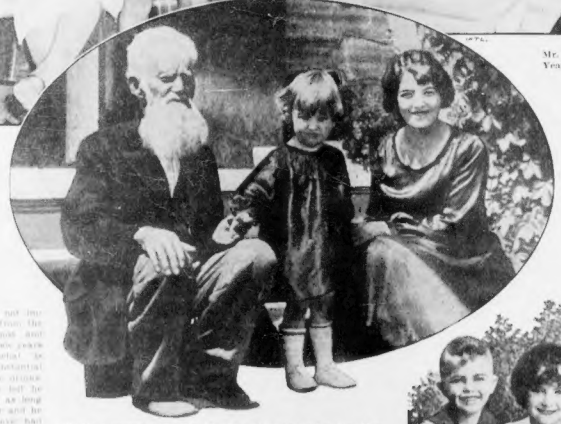
Never Too Old To Be A Father

Mrs. Hughes, 29, Presents Mr. Hughes, 96, With a Baby Girl, and Science Studies Other Interesting Cases Where Age Seems to Have Been No Handicap to the Stork

Mr. and Mrs. William Matheus and Their Interesting Family. Mr. Matheus, 87 Years Old, Is Holding Jacqueline, One Month Old, and Mrs. Matheus Is Holding Vera, Eighteen Months Old. Grouped Around Them Are Their Other Children, of Whom Laura, in the Middle of the Rear Row, Is the Oldest Being 16.



Mr. George Isaac Hughes, Confederate Veteran, With His Son Born Two Years Ago When He Was 94, and Beside Him Mrs. Hughes With the Little Girl of Which He Has Just Become the Father.



Old Mr. Dinsmoor, Who Was 82 When His Wife, Beside Him, Then 75 Years Old, Had Their Little Daughter, Sally Jane, Shown Between Them.

Papa Dinsmoor Was a Little Eccentric and He Put Two Cement Storks Up at the Gate of His Estate at the Time of His Marriage, and, Oddly Enough, Before He Died He Had Two Children, the Boy and Girl Shown Here.

IF Mr. George Isaac Hughes of New Bern, North Carolina, is not the proudest father in the United States, he certainly has a right to be. For he is about to become a father once married with centuries to swallow meanwhile. There are two instances of centenarians who attained fatherhood at under ages than Mr. Hughes' years. He became the latest of Mr. Hughes' is told by friends of his children may not be to exaggerate, but to [illegible] himself.

Mr. Hughes [illegible] in the Confederate Army during the Civil War. Four years later he married a farmer's daughter, Miss Mary Ann Duffy, and settled down to farming. Mr. Hughes has gone [illegible] of the Duffy family physician, Dr. Charles Duffy, at New Bern, who is the family physician. Dr. Duffy says [illegible] to [illegible] Mr. Hughes has gone [illegible] of physical vigor.

Mr. Hughes attributes [illegible] to [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] Dr. Duffy, who [illegible] Mr. Hughes has given [illegible] of physical vigor.

Born on a farm in North Carolina in 1846, Mr. Hughes enlisted in the Confederate Army during the Civil War. Four years later he married a farmer's daughter, Miss Mary Ann Duffy, and settled down to farming.

Perfect!

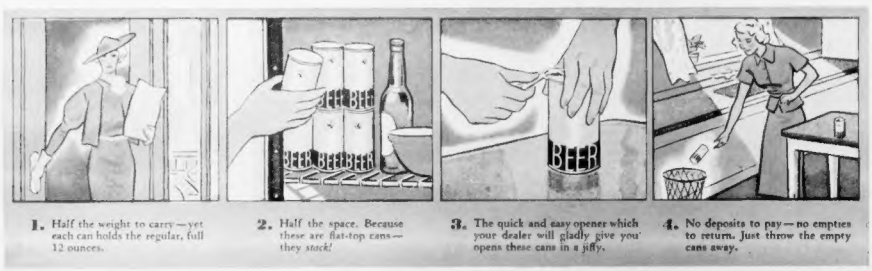
Beer and Ale are also *Perfect* with these . . .

- Corned Beef and Cabbage
- Steak and Kidney Pie
- Assorted Cold Cuts and Potato Salad
- Boiled Beef with Horseradish Sauce
- Frankfurters and Potato Salad
- Old Fashioned Pot Roast and Noodles
- Baked Ham with Potato Salad or Sweets
- New England Boiled Dinner
- Welsh Rarebits
- Brisket of Pork with Apple
- Cheese and Crackers
- Sauerbraten with Potato Dumplings
- Mixed Grill Plates
- Cold Roast Beef and Potato Salad
- Roast Beef and Yorkshire Pudding
- Baked Fish
- Spareribs or Frankfurters with Sauerkraut

IF there's one beverage that sharpens the palate, points up food flavors, gives a lift to any meal—it's *beer!* The very sight of it makes you smack your lips . . . especially when it's poured—cool, amber, deliciously foamy—from the container that has added so much to beer enjoyment—the can trade-marked "Keglined". . . "Perfect!" is *indeed* the word!

AMERICAN CAN COMPANY

WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS (CANCO) OF TIN CONTAINERS



1. Half the weight to carry—yet each can holds the regular, full 12 ounces.

2. Half the space. Because these are flat-top cans—they *stack!*

3. The quick and easy opener which your dealer will gladly give you opens these cans in a jiffy.

4. No deposits to pay—no empties to return. Just throw the empty cans away.

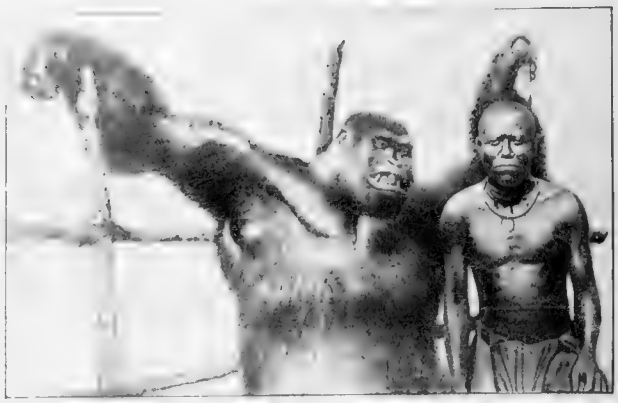
Look for the word

on the side of every can of beer and ale you buy

On the air: **BEN BERNIE** and "all the lads". 9:00 P. M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time—Every Tuesday Evening—NBC Network.

Civilization's Head... B...

Science Suspects Modern Man Has P... Peak of His Evolution and Is On a... Journey Physically and Is N... Intelligent as His Cavem... Ancestors of Prehistoric Ages



Where Man Never Reached the Physical Proportions of His Jungle Relative, the Gorilla, Man Is Now Retrograding in His Physique While the Gorilla Is Not.

Professor William K. Gregory's Chart, Showing How the Skeletons of Man's Early Ancestors Have Changed From Fishes of Prehistoric Ages Along Through Various Ancestral Animals to the Human Being of Today Who Is Now Retrograding.

Devonian Lobe-fin (Eusthenopteron). Carboniferous Amphibian (Eogyrinus). Primitive Permo Carboniferous Reptile (Seymouria). Progressive Triassic Promammal (Cynognathus)

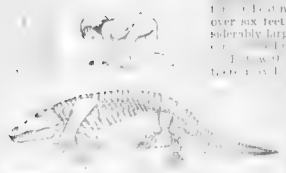
ARE HUMAN BEINGS daily intergent? Are most men and women indeed less intelligent than their ancestors? In the ... sists that primitive mankind were gentle and peaceful creatures who never fought each other unless by some absolute necessity, and who probably lived at ... with the majority of their animal neighbors. ... tate of man. It is a modern ... decline.

Admiral of Colgate University, a dis... erts that the life of our ... was free from selfishness, ... constitutes modern man's ... He was a man of kindly dis... wife and family, and ... were beautiful. ... world, perhaps, be ... the corporation offi... unfolded in ... daily police reports of ... and gaze with horror ... of "civilized" ... laughter of each other ... hatreds or persecu... He also points out that ... "racialism," which ... a cloak for sel...

... the interesting sug... part of man's decline may ... ation of speech. A con... probably a good thing. ... er degree of foresight than ... the beaver. During the ice ... was valuable to the ... which were alive to be ... and prepare for ... d.

... man has had a better ... e past. The Cro-Magnon ... left astonishing skele... ing a race of men averaging over six feet tall and with heads considerably larger than the average mod...

... the invention of speech ... the seeds of ulti... ideas became fixed in words and their original use and meaning forgotten. Selfishness, conceit and all kinds of folly and wickedness were magnified and made last ... by being expressed in words. Traditions became so powerful that millions of men now are willing to kill each other or to commit suicide because of the power expressed in words ... rose and were fixed in ... the remnants of man...



Man Once Held Running on All Fours With Highly Developed Arms, Legs and Feet and Skeleton of a Permian Amphibian, Showing the Short Stubby Legs From Which Evolved Man's Arms and Legs. From Diagrams by Prof. W. K. Gregory.

... t, Professor Gregory's paper ... ns of years of robbery and ... biological truth that man ... manufactured by plants ... by stealing the bodies ... to eat. Man's animal ances... ... for millions ... D... can't be helped ... the only way he can live.

... tory of the rise of man, even if he ... pring. The record of animal ... doubt that up until a short ... history is measured there was ... d's animal ancestors from ... lower and higher ones. This is ... Professor Gregory in de... the first step in evolution was also the ...

... of the line of evolution that led ... tion of motion. Probably the ... creatures on earth were like ... that they moved very little if at ... they were able in some way to ... out of natural ... myriads of tiny one... the ocean do today.

... particles of ocean plants serve ... animals, even for ... these animals can ... nts that are to be eaten cannot. ... which swim about rapidly and scoop ... nts with their mouths.

... essful must be able to find ... or robbing him, get away with ... Today the tree largest of the vic... kingdom, stands perpetually with ... in the attitude of a hold-up ...

... the creation of this difference be... tween the food-makers, which cannot move, and the movers, which cannot make food marked the beginning of animal evolution and of the separation between animals and plants. Ever since then the animals have lived in the main by robbery of the plants, just as Professor Gregory pointed out.

Gradually better and better devices were developed by the animals to steal more food or to ... it more safely or to protect themselves against other dangers of earthly life. A typical story is that of the evolution of eggs.

All the early kinds of animals in earth history laid eggs of some kind, as turtles and other reptiles still do, together with birds, fish and all other sea animals of any high degree of organization. The idea was to provide the young animal with food stored in the egg as the yolk or the white, food which would be available for the young animal to use while it was becoming strong enough and large enough to steal food for itself from the other animals or from surrounding plants.

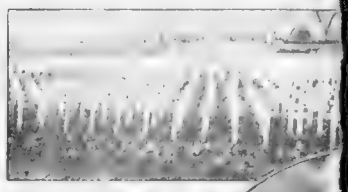
For millions of years the eggs merely were discharged into the water, as most fish eggs and the eggs of animals of the frog group still are. Most of these helpless eggs inevitably were eaten by other animals or burst and destroyed by the waves, or lost in some other way, including being dried up if the buckle of a shoe happened to be left on a beach beyond the line of waves or tide.

Finally, many millions of years after the first ... be both harder to eat and more able to resist drying. This still is the plan followed by ... the eggs less easily visible to robbers that might try to eat them, ... oped by bird egg-layers ...

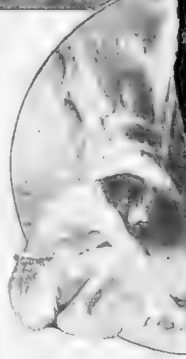
©FIELD MUSEUM OF NAT. HIST.

Neanderthal Man.
Scientific Reconstruction of One of Modern Man's Prehistoric Forerunners. From Model in the Field Museum, Chicago.

An Episode in the Massacre of the Jews of Kishneff, Russia, Returns to Find His Home Plundered and His ... of Its...



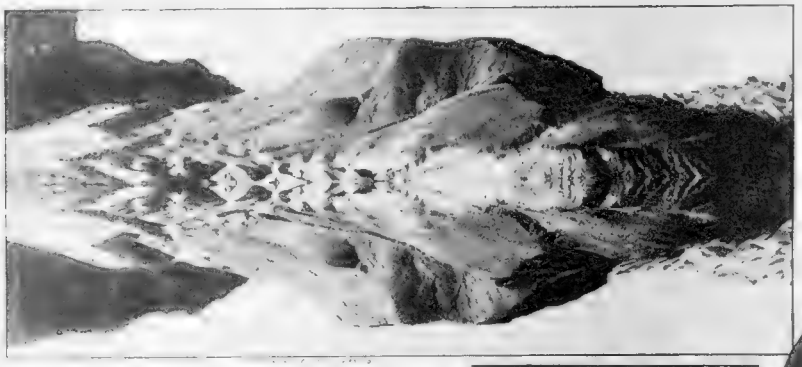
Scene in a Noddle's Cemetery in France Showing Civilized Man's Use of War Implements, Bombs and Poison Gas for the Wholesale Slaughter of Man Is an Evidence of Savagery and Lack of Intelligence Which His Prehistoric Ancestors Never Displayed

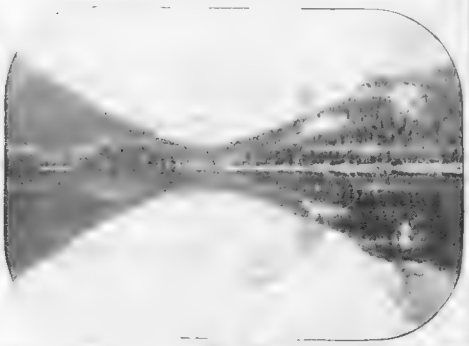


Nothing Invented by Modern ... the Discovery of How to Make ... Ach...

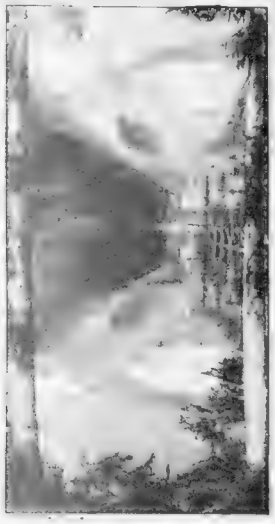
C Y T W T P A U D ?

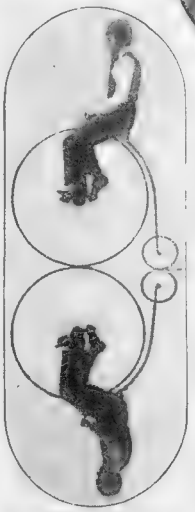
Make Your Guesses First —And There Is at Least One Clue in Every Photograph—Then Read the Story and See Whether You Were Right





These Early Morning Riders at Chingford, England





George Greenwood, English Motorcycle Daredevil, Relaxes on an Old-Model Bicycle—But He Still Wears His Padded Helmet, Just in Case

D A ?

eached the
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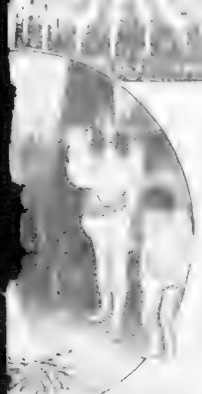
n

Man

This Grinning Monster, the Tyrannosaurus, Largest Flesh Eater Ever Produced by Nature, Was Master of the World in His Day—But He Has Long Since Been Extinct and Science Sees No Certainty That Mankind Will Not Pass as the Dinosaurs Did.

A Caveman at Home
How to Make Ends Meet. Primitive Man Lives in Holes in the Cliffs Which He Has Excavated by Wild Beasts



Man
ment

Scientific Reconstruction of the Head and Face of the Magnesian Man, Who Had a Bigger Head and Face and Brain Capacity Than the Average Modern Man

recognizes it at a distance, imagines that it will taste good if swallowed, and then orders the series of muscular movements that cause the food to be seized and eaten; all by virtue of the purely intellectual idea that the food will be good for one after one has done. Man takes [illegible] of this foresight by dressing up [illegible]

Sooner Nature still was on the [illegible] part of mankind's rise, [illegible] one of the next steps [illegible] upon Lemurs, called [illegible] bright-eyed squirrels that [illegible] these [illegible] need during the Ice [illegible] bears who [illegible] from the cold. And [illegible] the gorilla and other large apes [illegible] proving mind comes to be very [illegible] man himself.

Up to the gorilla and probably [illegible] beyond that animal toward primitive [illegible] varieties of actual men the [illegible] species went on. Both mind and body [illegible] instead of worse. Then something [illegible] gone wrong. What Professor Gregory [illegible] decline of Homo Sapiens set in. No [illegible] precisely why, although this, perhaps, is the [illegible] that biology most needs to find out.

The gorilla has a far stronger [illegible] than the average man. It is probable that [illegible] primitive races of mankind were [illegible] strong and perfect. Probably [illegible] for [illegible] from disease [illegible] and the Arctic [illegible] Because of one of these [illegible] most [illegible] from what now would be [illegible] mentality in the [illegible] for the direct [illegible] [illegible] but [illegible] [illegible]

Still [illegible] body [illegible] and [illegible] holes themselves. Most [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Wise Man of Gotham by Curtis B. Leland

A Short Story of the Trials and Tribulations of a College Professor Who Made the Mistake of Visiting New York to Write a Thesis. Complete in This Issue.

Between Entrechaunts There Was Dancing and the Professor, to Give Himself an Air of the Blasé, Refrigerator and Conversed With a Miss Gloria Glasson.

He Was Quickly Enveloped by the Concealing Rank of Perfumed Garments Except That His Feet, He Was Afraid, Were Seen. Then He Heard the Helper Approaching the Rack. His Heart Was in His Mouth, Along with the Acrid Flavor of Cleaning Fluid.

FREE AT GROCERS'

WHERE YOU SEE THIS DISPLAY

BETTY CROCKER'S NEW SIMPLIFIED RECIPES FOR

SCHOOL DAYS COOKIES—

Welcome! TO OUR GOLD MEDAL FLOUR "SCHOOL DAYS" SALE

Starring Betty Crocker's "SCHOOL DAYS"

Think it—

POMPEIAN
Milk Base
Massage Cream

Wise Man of Gotham

By Curtis B. Leland

Why you must use a laxative that COMBATS ACIDITY, too

Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

Within an hour Phil McKittrick was arraigned in the precinct jail and made bond for Gloria, but he could not get the professor out. The professor had too many charges against him. Grand larceny, unlawful entry, drunkenness and disorderly conduct resisting an officer, he had only

You don't have to be *Rich* to enjoy *Rich* whiskey!

A barrel of *Quality* friends.. for your very swellest parties!

...tomed to every luxury of life drop ... introduce them to *Old* ... light up! For here's a rich, ... that tastes like a million dollars... but which you can buy at the friendliest of prices

If you'd like to find out what real richness can do to a highball, old-fashioned or Manhattan, just try mixing your next ones with *Old Quaker*. You'll say, when you taste it... and *price* it... it isn't a bit surprising that folks have bought more than 4 million cases of *Old Quaker*. And you'll be saying "I want Old Quaker" from this day on!

Is you prefer in
BOURBON *or* RYE

SCHENLEY'S

OLD QUAKER

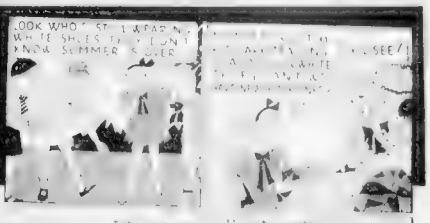
90 PROOF STRAIGHT WHISKEY BRAND

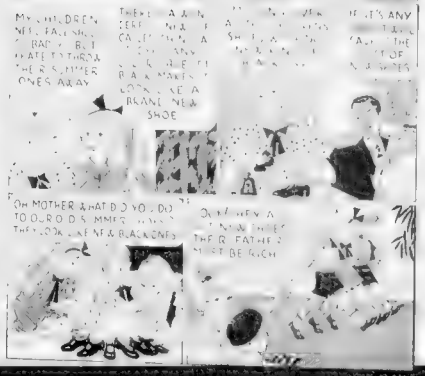
Keeps New
Cars NEW

PENNZOIL
TOUGH FILM MOTOR OIL

Makes old cars
run better

Happy Discovery
SAVES COST OF NEW SHOES





TO DYE ALL SMOOTH SURFACED SHOES:
New Shinola Black Dye. No matter w...
New Shinola Dye is ...
New Instant Shinola ...

* TO DYE SUEDE, BUCK AND OTHER ROUGH SURFACED LEATHERS: Use Shinola Black Suede Dye. Restores a rich black. Maintains the nappy surface.

SHINOLA MAKES A POLISH, DYE AND SUEDE DRESSING FOR EVERY TYPE OF SHOE

Wise Man of Gotham

M W & M C

CHAPTER II.
Murder in the Mists

G

Make Labor Day...*Discovery Day!*

...and discover this new world of Cigarette Enjoyment!

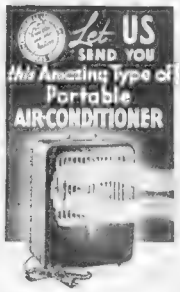
C ... chances when ... I take a ... discover the ... Old Golds! Will You?

Y ... of "D... M... The ... little ... Try ... grance and smoothness of prize crop tobaccos.

You'll discover, next, the full charm of *factory freshness*. Cigarettes as fresh as though you picked them right off the cigarette machines. 2 jackets of Cellophane on the package insure that. Don't wait 'til Labor Day. Give your "smoke-taste" a holiday *today* by switching to *Double-Mellow* Old Golds.

DOUBLE MONEY BACK OFFER!

PRIZE CROP TOBACCOS + 2 JACKETS DOUBLE "CELLOPHANE" = *Double-Mellow* Old Golds



Hay Fever Sufferers! You Get Wonderful Comfort and Relief from Pollen-Free Air

OPERATES FROM ANY ELECTRIC LIGHT SOCKET. EASY TO CARRY FROM ROOM TO ROOM. LIGHT WEIGHT. ATTRACTIVE.

KL. [illegible]

Continental [illegible]

FOR CUTS, SCRAPES AND LITTLE HURTS
NEW-SKIN
AT ALL DRUGGISTS

HARD TO BELIEVE BUT THE GLORIOUS TRUTH !
KABO
KABO
FLATTER-U

GET YOUR
High School, Prep or College Ring
[illegible]
25¢
Parker Quink
You Save $1.75

DentLock
A DENTURE POWDER
HOLDS TIGHT TEETH
A BETTER
FALSE TEETH TIGHTENER

BIGGEST 10c PACKAGE
ON SALE AT LEADING 10¢ STORES
FOR FREE SAMPLE

RED BLOOD SHOT CLEARS EYES in Seconds!
WHITE

BYE-GENE
BEWARE OF
FOOT ITCH
ATHLETES FOOT
Says Dr. Scholl the [illegible]

Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX
A Super-fine TALCUM for BABY
CONTAINS SPECIAL BALSAMIC OILS
CUTICURA Talcum Powder

[illegible] Had a New [illegible] and Ambition and Couldn't [illegible] Herself as a Struggling Doctor's Wife

CHAPTER III
A Vanishing Dead Man

M

Civilization Headed Back to the Dark Ages

Continued from Double Page

Continued on Page 21

Mystery Woman

by Evelyn Murray Campbell

(Continued from Page 20)

He turned to the telephone again; the necessity for acting overcoming momentarily his distaste for Monica Vane.

"You wouldn't, of course. It happened in a home. Someone called Rae and I had to answer it."

He thought again of that thick telephone voice. "Where has she gone?" Had she spoken from that ghastly apartment or from a public booth?

His mind was working soundlessly now. He called police headquarters while Monica Vane stood by slapping and unslapping her small exerted hands.

"A man is badly injured—perhaps dead by this time. A fight, I suppose. At the Carnak Arms Apartment 2, 2011 Rosemont Avenue."

"Who speaking?"

"From Doctor Raymond Lanning—the call came to him."

"Okay," said the weary voice of a desk sergeant, as if dead men were nothing to get worked up about.

Tredwell was all over his nervousness. He was efficient enough now. Monica Vane sank at his side.

"You'll send the police, won't they?"

"Surely."

She went over to the radio and scrutinized it as police calls lit a little while a leaping tone sprang at them from the disk.

"Calling Car Thirteen. Calling Car Number Thirteen. Go to 2011 Rosemont Avenue. Apartment Number 2. Man injured, may be dead. Investigate and report. Go on it you're near. Calling Car Thirteen."

There it was. They fastened others, feeling themselves.

"I'll have to go over there again," Tredwell said. "It seems pretty rum about a baby . . . oh, I've forgotten that!"

"A baby!" said Miss Vane, as if she had never heard of one. "Don't leave me here alone, please. I can't stand it. Please don't leave me." She did not cling, she stood still and begged, which was much worse.

"But you can't go over there," he objected. "It's terrible."

They paused in the door entryway. Still she did not cling, and he was grateful, but she put her hand on his arm in a way that held him there still.

"Don't leave me here," she urged, and her lips were white under their rouge.

Tredwell spoke soothingly.

"I'll make haste. You'll be all right. It'll only take a minute. And they're sure to be back soon. He remembered a cue for Miss Vane. "You can't go with me," he said seriously. "Have something to help calm yourself. Important. He wants somebody by the telephone to tell Mrs. Peters he'll be right along." Her face quivered, and he thought that this would give the poor little thing something to think about. "You see how important that is, don't you?"

She fell back, her hands dropping.

"I see. Oh I suppose you're right." She looked very small and forlorn. "Go on. If you must, you must."

"You're sure?" Tredwell discovered that with a shock. He hadn't looked after the child at all. Now he saw that her fur coat was dragged, the fur separated in little tufts. Moisture dewed the white cap on her head. He glanced at her feet and saw delicate shoes soaking, and silk stockings that clung blackly to her ankles.

"I stepped in the gutter," she explained, following his glance.

The sergeant opened the door of Number 2 with authoritative hand and the others crowded after him. The lights were on, just as they had been.

Tredwell came last. The policemen were all in the little bedroom, crowding each others' shoulders.

"Is this a joke or what?"

They were all scowling at Tredwell.

The bed was empty. It was covered with a snow-white spread now. Two snow-white pillows, perfectly placed, looked as if no head had ever touched them. Everything else was in perfect order—except the lights. There was no wounded man. There was nobody.

"Where is he?" Tredwell looked around helplessly.

"Yeah—where?" The surly sergeant glared at the others without discrimination, blaming everybody. Then concentrated on Tredwell. "Lemme tell you, guy, if this is some joke you better get ready'n explain it. Callin' police on goose-chases for nothin' costs the city money'n—"

"But I tell you—" Tredwell felt foolish, and that made him angry.

He had to listen to a badgering line; this was the law and he had no come-back, besides, it did look funny. The other policemen were unimpressed by their chief's hysteria and chewed gum while they looked around the beautiful apartment. One of them nudged the annoyed sergeant and pointed to the carpet at the edge of the bed.

"What's that, Ed?"

Ed pounced with a magnifying glass.

"Looks like—" Their eyes exchanged profound understanding. They examined the carpet gravely from all angles.

It didn't need a magnifying glass to see that this was a splash of blood. It stood out upon the ivory background with bright significance. If the sergeant hadn't talked so much he must have seen it long ago.

"Th-huh. Somethin's been goin' on here."

With modified belligerency Tredwell's story was demanded again.

"You say somebody called you?"

"Somebody called Doctor Lanning. I answered the telephone."

"Didn't the doc come? Where is he?"

"On a sick call. Doctors do have sick calls, you know."

"Don't get gay. Was this a man or a woman that called?"

"A woman's voice."

"Excited—uh?"

"Rather."

"Where'd this call come from?"

Tredwell refused to answer that, and looked his contempt while the officer scratched his head in mute submission to an error. The situation was becoming more ridiculous every minute. Tredwell was being put on the spot as if he had assaulted somebody. He put all the disgust he could manage into his voice when he finally said:

"It didn't occur to me to ask her name and address, especially when she gave this one."

A policeman spoke from the little hall.

"Here's the phone—right here. A French phone, too."

"Don't touch it, Gilly." The sergeant was hurrying out to see. The exploring policeman had opened one of the boxes on the kitchen table and found sandwiches. The sergeant looked as if he wanted one himself but disdained on account of his rank. He turned back regretfully to Tredwell, who was making all this trouble.

"You say there was a man here when you came over? He'd been hurt?"

Tredwell had to tell it all over again—the blue satin spread, the sprawled figure, the whisper that had cursed and ordered him away. He had to admit listening to his own voice that it sounded phony. Because now there was no sign, except for that splash of blood, that such a presence had ever been.

His inquisitor fixed him with a cold and baleful eye.

"How is it that you land in here, butt into this apartment, look things over and never speak to a soul? Why didn't you call the manager?"

Tredwell's patience snapped.

"That's what you did, are doing, right now. Have you called anybody?"

The second policeman said, making peace, "Maybe we better root somebody out."

"I did call the manager," said Tredwell, his temper gone now. "I rang the bell a dozen times. Nobody answered. Then I called the police. I should have called a kindergarten."

"Now keep your shirt on," advised the sergeant, calming down. "Maybe we better try to raise somebody and check up on this guy's story."

"I'm it," said the man who was eating the sandwich. "here she is now."

A slender woman with smooth-waved gray hair and a pasty, gentle face had come into the apartment unnoticed among the bulky uniforms. She was more than middle-aged but by no means old. She had on a soft blue bathrobe, really belted, and bedroom slippers that matched it in color. She was not only respectable, she was a lady.

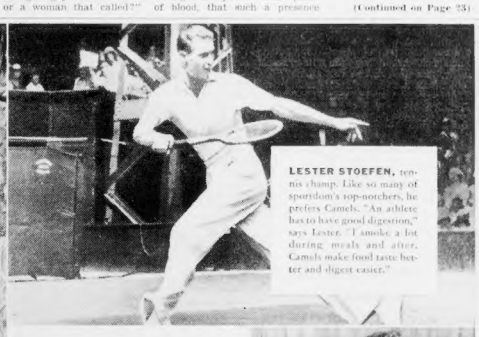
"Is anything wrong, officer?" the woman demanded. "I am Mrs. Bruey, the manageress.

(Continued on Page 23)

At the World-Famous "Cocoanut Grove" in Los Angeles

Here in this famous restaurant of the Ambassador Hotel is a center for dining *de luxe*. The scintillating stars of stage and screen . . . the vivid personalities of Southern California's gay society parade by . . . familiar famous faces everywhere.

Camels are first choice at the Cocoanut Grove, as they are in famous eating places from coast to coast. Jimmy, the well-known *maître d'hôtel* of the Cocoanut Grove, says: "People who are good judges of food are equally discriminating in their choice of a cigarette. Here they all seem to smoke Camels."



LESTER STOEFEN, tennis champ. Like so many of sportdom's top-notchers, he prefers Camels. "An athlete has to have good digestion," says Lester. "I smoke a lot during meals and after. Camels make food taste better and digest easier."

Smoking Camels with meals and after helps bring a sense of well-being

EATING is one of life's real pleasures. And Camels make it even more enjoyable! Thanks to Camels, food tastes better and digestion goes along more smoothly. Smoking Camels speeds up the flow of digestive fluids...alkaline digestive fluids, which good digestion and proper nutrition require.

Mild, rich-tasting Camels are a refreshing stand-by the whole day through. Camels set you right! They never get on your nerves...tire your taste...or irritate your throat.

NATIONAL BOWLING CHAMP, Charlie Warren, says: "It's Camels for me. When I smoke Camels at mealtime and after, I have a great feeling of comfort. And I enjoy my meals more too."

THOSE WHO

"for Digestion's Sake — smoke Camels!"

EXPERIENCE A DELIGHTFUL SENSE OF DIGESTIVE WELL-BEING

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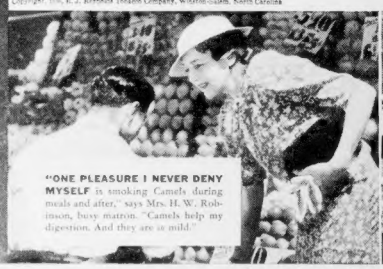

"ONE PLEASURE I NEVER DENY MYSELF is smoking Camels during meals and after," says Mrs. H. W. Robinson, busy matron. "Camels help my digestion. And they are so mild."

"THE BEST PART OF MY MEALS is when I loll back afterwards and have another Camel," reports Sydney Jones, expert electrician, who likes to feel his digestion is going along normally. "Camels always set me right...calm me down...make my food taste better and help my digestion."

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Actually KILLS FLEAS

Instead of Merely Stupefying Them

PULVEX FLEA POWDER

Children Should Learn to Cook

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

PAVING the much-lack is part of the daily routine in the many mothered but why not daughter? Why indeed, not begin with the cooking stage of her education? Why not encourage interest in the matter of all those preparations are and daughters under which the home should rest, equally?

Lessons can adjust-freely to the open fire of the following articles as directed — give a statement of the cost of materials used, and explain to another pay. The pupils fill award.

The articles featured include cakes, bread, butter's free pan-cakes, biscuits and many other things. Each week a record is kept of each mother's time saved.

Cash prizes in three respective groups — for the most creative reading exam-ples, and results or budget-ing — are awarded for excellence. Why not then take advantage of this initial experience and encourage the interest of young people both boys and girls, in the science and the art of good cooking?

It is not too far a jump from the art to the mind or cook-fire to the kitchen stove and top burners—only a jump in temperature and measured heat. Making pancakes or frying bacon and eggs, or pampering a savory stew or burgoo on the fire or in camp, is the same task and requires the same skill that it does when performed within four walls.

Not only can children cook—but they love to. The child who does not want to make something which he will later enjoy eating is the exception, not the rule. Even the smallest tots start cooking mud or mud pies, spinning, dandelion petals over the top in severe injurious eye-injuries.

Of course, to the expert cook-mother, this beginning pupil is quite often more nuisance and nice perfectionists as he will turn forcibly to "keep out from under my feet."

But no attitude could be more misguided or ill-advised than to refuse a boomerang to the mother herself in a few years. What chance have children to become acquainted with kitchen equipment or cooking techniques if they are being constantly shooed out of the kitchen?

Or why should that mother complain when perhaps later she is ill, or unable to carry on with her former strenuousness, that she *has* "no one to help her," or that she hasn't a daughter whom she can trust to make a good cup of tea, or to set a table and serve a simple wholesome meal entirely prepared by herself?

Call cooking what you will—science, craft, skill, art, or work of the manner. The young person begins to practice it, especially the *humbler parts of it*, the better and more surely *he* will in later days be its *master*, and will when grown-up be *able* to appreciate and demand good food prepared as it should be.

There are many *small chores* or bits in food preparation which all children love to do, and which thus should be allowed to *participate* in—cracking and *shelling* and running nuts, paring and peeling and slicing vegetables and fruits, rolling dough and from it cutting those stars and crescents which will later take edible shape as crunchy cookies, beating eggs and mixing and licking the spoon after scraping the bowl—children even love to wash dishes before some grown-up killjoy takes all the fun out of it for them.

With mechanical and power mixers so much in use, boys and girls can exercise in the home, in these culinary processes, some of the mechanical skill with which they later like to run a motor, drive an automobile, etc. Today there are as many machines in the home as there are in a shop or factory.

Then, there is a considerable portion of modern food service which can hardly be called "cooking" as such, but which nevertheless achieves an appetizing, a delicious finished product. Of such are the many frozen and refrigerator dishes, the creams and the "ice box" cakes, and so on. Any child of eight can make a frozen dessert all by herself—just let her be once told how to beat eggs and add sugar and fruit, and pour this mixture into a tray-drawer which you push into a hole in Mother's refrigerator. Could your little daughter do it? Of course.

Another important food group is that made with gelatin, where, again, the actual cooking is negligible: the gelatin desserts and *gelatin salads* containing *slivers of carrot* or pineapple or *whatnot*—and which require just a *little mixing* to emerge into *tempting dainties*.

Still another uncooked chapter in the child's cook-book is that which covers uncooked sweets, generally made with chopped or ground ingredients like raisins, dates, marshmallows, dried fruits, etc. Many recipes using condensed milk with rolled crumbs, such as those of gingersnaps or vanilla wafers, result in perfectly delectable dishes which any child will love to make.

Custards and similar light milk desserts also appeal to the child taste and appetite. *Baked apples*, on the other hand, or *baked sweet potatoes* or *baked biscuits* and *muffins*, are *beginners'* recipes for the use of the oven.

It can hardly be laid down as fact that boys and girls show different preferences in foods at an early age, but it has been observed *how boys prefer to scramble eggs or fry chops*, or fry *oysters*, etc, than to make candy and very sweet dishes. *Many boys* are proud of their *muffins, popovers* and *waffles*.

Girls often choose the culinary *path leading* first to gingerbread, *hermits, brownies* and similar *simple* dough mixtures which are guaranteed to be easy to bake. Indeed, this entire class of simple batter cakes is among the best of subjects with which to become familiar and expert in the use of the oven. They are interesting to watch as they rise, and yet their consistency is not so tricky as to encourage them to fall—that bad habit of even the best of cakes.

The use of electric table appliances, such as the waffle iron and the toastess or sandwich grill, encourages the desire on the part of youngsters to cook their favorite tidbits. Just let a girl make delicious toasted sandwiches, or a boy make tempting golden waffles for himself and his friends, and a long step will have been taken toward their culinary success. Praise from the family or one's peers will hasten and stimulate the desire to repeat with the encore of a new and even more delicious dish.

The mother who at heart is also a teacher, and who takes an intimate daily interest in her children's lessons, will find that Cooking is a remarkable link between Geography and History.

Potatoes—why, wasn't it Sir Walter Raleigh who took them back with him to show Queen Elizabeth? And corn—the Indians first cultivated it in Peru when the Spanish Conquistadors came to seek gold. Spices—ginger for the gingerbread, let's see, now doesn't it come mostly from China? Or is it Java? Who first made muffins—how did they get from China to Venice and up to Germany? And oh Count Rumford—and his experiments with baking powder? Did Carolinat Mazarin really invent mayonnaise?

Perhaps a special time may be set apart on Saturday mornings, when the youngsters are free of school duties, and when it will be fun to help with the week-end baking or special work. Or let the children prepare one supper or evening meal each week, both making and clearing it away.

Provide a little box of filing cards on which to paste recipes as they are tested and tasted. Encourage reading of the special food departments in favorite magazines and the clipping and pasting of food pictures in their life.

Let them plan to invite their friends in often, after school or on holidays—with the menu having dishes which the children have either entirely or in part prepared. In some schools courses in cooking are given even to grade children. If so in your town children's class, by all means co-operate with this teacher.

Children are naturally very food-conscious and influenced by color and eye-appeal, as well as by taste. This is just the psychological moment to train them, both in intelligent feeding and in skilled cooking. Today's children will be tomorrow's adults—the gourmets of the future—if mothers will only start now and share their kitchen and cook-books with them.

American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3511—HERE'S A GUARANTEE OF "SMOOTH" COMFORT WITH A WELL-FITTING BUILT-UP BODICE SLIP AND TRIM PETTIES! Designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50. Size 34 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3512—A TRIM FROCK THAT JUST INVITES GAY "DOINGS"! SEE ITS SMART MILITARY COLLAR AND JAUNTY BUTTONS. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3 yards 54-inch fabric.

Pattern 3509—SLIM DOWN EXTRA POUNDS AND CURVES WITH THIS FLATTERING ALL-OCCASION FROCK YOU'LL LOVE IN SLEEK SATIN. Designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 39-inch fabric and ⅝ yard contrasting.

Pattern 3360—JUMPING ROPE'S FUN FOR THE KIDDIE WHO WEARS THIS BUTTON-FRONT PANTIE FROCK WITH PUFFED OR FLARED SLEEVES. Designed for sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3508—HERE'S FUN FOR LEISURE HOURS! WHAT COULD BE MORE CHARMING THAN A BRIGHT CROCHETED RUG? to brighten bathroom or bedroom. Make it of rug yarn, rags or candlewick in white or black and a color, or in two shades of one color. Make a string filet scarf in the same design and a towel border to match the rug. Pattern 3508 contains directions and charts for making these articles, illustrations of them and of all stitches needed; color suggestions; material requirements.

PRICE OF PATTERNS, 15 CENTS EACH.

Every pattern contains a large, complete, easily-followed sewing guide. To order these easy-to-make patterns, write plainly PATTERN NUMBERS AND SIZES DESIRED, YOUR NAME, YOUR STREET ADDRESS, CITY AND STATE. Enclose 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for each pattern, and address your envelope to

AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPT., 635 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.

HAVEN'T you also wished you could say something very nice and kind? And because of that you secretly think about health?

Many times we and women who never supposed in fact that we agreed people who have suffered from temporary CONSTIPATION—how normal that lack of exercise in a person's intestinal muscles may cause.

Because there is no reason for you to suffer from CONSTIPATION. After your children have gone, gradually the muscles of the intestinal walls become weak and sluggish. Then, as a result of such a condition, you may suffer from CONSTIPATION.

It's the one way to overcome constipation. You will find Saraka is safe and wonderful. Just a teaspoonful at night in a glass of water or milk is all you need. Saraka is the original bran food. It is prepared from the finest bran. Saraka is delicious. Children love it. Get Saraka today at your druggist's.

EXPAND

SEWING CORPORATION
Dept. 279, Bloomfield, N.J.

HERE I am, as I take stock of myself:

LOOKS — Maybe not downright beautiful but people don't seem to find me hard to look at. Nature blessed me with nice eyes and hair and a clear, fresh skin.

FIGURE — Trim. Not too fat, not too thin.

DRESS — I like pretty clothes and I have them. Think I know how to wear them, too.

GOOD COMPANY — Well, maybe I'm not clever but I can't be called dumb. I have enthusiasm, a sense of humor, am not afraid to talk and know how to listen.

GOOD SPORT — I'm nobody's spoiled darling. I can take things, good and bad, without losing my balance.

Not a bad inventory—but there must be *something* in the picture I don't see.

For I can't dodge this staring fact people seem attracted to me right at first, *but they don't come back for more*. What is wrong?

There is one fault which never fails to shut a girl or woman out of social success.

Underarm perspiration odor is the harder to excuse because it is so easy to avoid. The modern way is simply to make it impossible *by the every-day year-round use of Mum!*

With Mum, you know, it takes just half a minute to make your underarms fresh and odorless for the whole day.

It's so easy to use. If you forget it before you dress, just use it afterwards. For Mum is harmless to clothing. And it's so soothing and cooling to the skin, you can use it right after shaving the underarms.

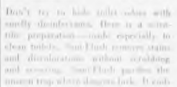
Don't think your daily bath is a safeguard. Count on Mum—it prevents every trace of unpleasant odor without preventing perspiration itself. Make Mum a daily habit! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York City.

ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO. Mum gives complete protection from the unpleasantness which women always fear.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Don't try to hide toilet odors with smelly deodorizers, there is a scientific preparation made especially to clean toilets. Sani-Flush removes stains and discolorations without scrubbing and scouring. Sani-Flush purifies the unseen trap where disease lurks. It ends the cause of odors and contamination.

Just sprinkle a little Sani-Flush in the bowl. Follow directions on the can. Flush the toilet. That's all there is to it. It's simple. Sure. Harmless. Sani-Flush is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators. Lifebuoy on sale. Sold by grocers, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores—25 and 10 cent sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.



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Tight—all day

"Klutch" forms a comfort cushion, holds the plate as snug they can't rock, drop, slide or be placed with, and not a seed can get under them. *You can eat and speak as well as you did with your own teeth.* Don't rather bone plate another day. "Klutch" will end your troubles. 25c and 50c at druggists. If your druggist hasn't it don't waste money on substitutes, but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box. HART & CO., Box 2435-I, ELMIRA, N. Y.

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I'LL NEVER USE OLD-FASHIONED STARCH AGAIN!

"With Staley's handy new CUBES, I have perfect starching for a penny a week!"

"Lucky me! I tried the new Staley's CUBE Starch and now I just count cubes for perfect starching. No more guesswork. No more lumps or sauce in my iron to stick or scorch. And my clothes have the fine new finish I've always wanted."

SHOULDER HURT? do this

When you have a muscular ache or a sprain, a sore shin or a bad bruise, get out the bottle of Absorbine Jr. Nothing like this old reliable liniment to drive such pains away. At all druggists, $1.25 a bottle. Economical, little goes far.

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For Tantalizing ITCHY SKIN Make this FREE Test

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FREE SAMPLE

GRAY HAIR! The Best Remedy is Made at Home

Enjoy Tomatoes While They Last

By Mary Lee Swann,

The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Tomato Sauce Salad.

SEASON 1 quart tomato juice (fresh or canned) with ½ tablespoon salt, a few grains pepper, 1 teaspoon lemon juice and a few drops onion juice. Chill. Freeze to a mush; add 2 stiffly beaten egg whites and finish freezing. Serve on crisp lettuce hearts.

Tomato Cake.

CREAM ½ cup shortening and 1 cup sugar and blend well. Add slowly 1½ cups canned tomato soup in which ½ teaspoon soda has been dissolved. Stir in 2 cups cake flour sifted with 2 teaspoons baking powder, 2 teaspoons nutmeg, 1 teaspoon cinnamon and ½ teaspoon salt. Mix just enough to blend well. Fold in 1 cup chopped raisins or dates and ½ cup broken nut meats, dredged with 2 tablespoons flour. Pour into a greased and floured shallow loaf pan about 8 by 12 inches and bake in a moderate oven, or about 350 deg. When cold cover with cheese frosting. To make cheese frosting: Beat 1 package cream cheese until smooth. Add 1½ cups powdered sugar gradually, beating constantly. Flavor with a few drops vanilla.

Tomato Jelly Loaf.

SCALD 2 cups thick tomato juice with a piece of bay leaf, ½ teaspoon salt, a stalk of celery and a few grains pepper. Pour ½ cup cold water into bowl and sprinkle 1 envelope unflavored gelatin on top of water. Mix well. Add to the strained hot mixture. Add 1 tablespoon vinegar or lemon juice and 1 tablespoon onion juice. Divide into three equal parts. Pour 1 part into loaf pan that has been rinsed in cold water. Chill and when firm spread with ¾ cup finely chopped cold boiled ham which has been mixed with prepared mustard and enough salad dressing to moisten. Add second part of tomato jelly which has been allowed to congeal slightly. When this is firm, spread with a layer of about ¾ cup cream cheese, well seasoned and beaten until smooth with a little cream. Add the third layer of the slightly congealed tomato jelly. Chill thoroughly. When firm, unmold on platter and garnish with crisp heart lettuce, ripe olives and stuffed eggs.

Eggs Baked in Tomato Pulp.

HAVE ready about ¾ cup thick strained tomato pulp. Break 6 fresh eggs into ramekins. Sprinkle eggs with salt and pour the tomato pulp over them, covering the eggs with the tomato. Add 1 teaspoon butter to each ramekin. Place in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven, or at about 325 deg.

Spaghetti with Tomato.

COOK 1 minced onion in ¼ cup salad oil or butter, taking care not to brown it. Add 3 tablespoons tomato paste blended with ½ cup water, stirring constantly. Add 2 cups strained tomatoes, a bit of bay leaf and 1 teaspoon salt and cook about ½ hour. Remove bay leaf. Add 1 tablespoon sugar and simmer until thick. Cook ½ pound spaghetti in boiling salted water. Drain well and serve mixed with the tomato mixture and sprinkled with ¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese.

Tomatoes in Casserole.

SLICE 1 cup onions, dice 1 cup celery, cut 1 cup carrots into match-like strips and shred 1 cup string beans. Melt ¼ cup butter in saucepan. Add onion, celery, carrots and string beans. Cover closely and simmer about ½ hour. Do not allow the vegetables to brown. Add 1½ cups mushrooms, 2 tablespoons minced green pepper, 1 cup strained stewed tomatoes and salt and pepper to taste. Cover and simmer until very tender.

Tomatoes with Eggs and Shrimp Sauce.

CUT stems from 3 tomatoes. Slice and roll gently in cornmeal. Melt 1½ tablespoons butter in frying pan and delicately brown tomatoes. Have ready 3 or 4 slices of bread, delicately browned in frying pan with a little butter. Place the tomatoes on the bread and keep hot. Add 1 tablespoon flour to the butter in which tomatoes were browned. Blend well and add 1 cup milk or thin cream and stir constantly until creamy and smooth. Add ¼ pound cooked shrimps and season to taste with salt and pepper and soy sauce. Reheat and pour over carefully poached eggs that have been placed on the tomatoes. Serve immediately.

Savory Tomatoes.

HAVE ready 1 pint well seasoned stewed tomatoes or thick tomato pulp and 1 pint stewed corn. Melt 2 tablespoons butter, add 3 tablespoons minced green peppers and cook until soft and yellow. Add the tomato and corn, 1 teaspoon sugar, a few grains cayenne pepper, ¾ teaspoon salt and a few drops onion juice. Reheat and serve immediately.

Fried Tomatoes.

WASH medium-sized tomatoes. Remove stem ends and cut in thick crosswise slices. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Dredge with flour and cook until delicately browned on both sides in drippings, bacon fat or butter. Serve as a garnish for meats or on toast with any desired sauce.

Tomatoes Fried in Deep Fat.

SELECT firm ripe tomatoes. Cut in thick slices crosswise. Dip in slightly beaten and diluted egg (beaten just enough to mix well) and roll in fine bread crumbs. Cook in hot deep fat hot enough to brown a crumb of bread in 1 minute.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Apple Sauce,	Grapes,	Grapefruit,	Rice	Bananas with	Grapefruit	Sliced
Whole Grain	Cereal,	Cereal,	Prunes,	Orange Juice,	Juice,	Bananas,
Cereal,	Cream,	Eggs and	Cereal,	Cereal,	Cereal,	Cereal,
Fried	Toast,	Bacon,	French	Green Corn	Finnan Haddie	Poached
Tomatoes,	Asdan	Muffins, Toast,	Toast,	Pancakes,	Broil, Omelet,	Eggs,
Bacon,	Marmalade,	Coffee.	Maple	Bacon,	Toast,	Toast and
Delicate	Coffee.	*Luncheon*	Syrup,	Toast,	Coffee.	Coffee.
Muffins,	*Luncheon*	Vegetable	Coffee.	Coffee.	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*
Coffee.	Vegetables	in Casserole,	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	Cheese Souffle,	Rolls,
Luncheon	in Casserole,	Pickles,	Jellied	Neapolitan	String Beans,	Coffee.
(Company)	Pickles,	Potatoes,	Salmon	Spaghetti,	Delicacies	*Dinner*
Curried Eggs	Peanut	Pickles,	Rice	Fresh Green	Bars,	Roast
with Chutney,	Butter	Orange and	Cookies,	Salad,	Cucumber	Lamb,
Asparagus	Muffins,	Onion Salad,	(Left Overs),	Lemon	Salad,	New
Mousseline,	Chocolate	Tomato Rolls,	Green	Beverage,	Apple Cake.	Potatoes,
Ice Box Rolls,	Milkshake.	Butterscotch	Beverage,	Chicken	*Dinner*	or Succotash,
Fresh Fruit	*Dinner*	Brownies,	Salad,	Salad,	(Company)	Green Peas
Compote,	(Company)	Tea.	Savory	Cup Cakes,	Hot or Jellied	Celery with
Tea.	Hot or Cold	*Dinner*	French	Tea.	Consomme	Mint Butter,
Dinner	Okra Soup,	Ham Loaf,	Dressing,	*Dinner*	Ham Casserole,	Peach
Wiener	Broiled	Glazed Sweet	Canned	Canned Beef	Hash with	Collins
Schnitzel,	Duck	Potatoes,	Gooseberry	Hash with	Poached Eggs,	Pudding.
Baked	(Swedish	Green Peas,	Tarts.	Poached Eggs,	Green Spinach,	*Supper*
Potatoes,	Style),	Shredded Raw	*Dinner*	Green Spinach,	En Tasse	Tomato
Harvard	Buttered	Cauliflower	Mexican	Creamed	Fruit Salad	Jelly Loaf,
Beets,	Potatoes,	Salad	Chili,	Onions,	(Large Pieces	Watercress
Rye Pear	Asparagus	Black Olive	Chilled	Chili Sauce,	Wash, Black	Sandwiches,
Salad,	Salad,	Dressing,	Asparagus	Gingerbread	Cherries, etc.),	Butterscotch
Crackers,	Vermouse	Ice Cream,	Salad,	Waffles and	Crackers,	Brownies,
Cheese.	Custard with	Caramel	Floating	Whipped	Cheese,	Lemonade.
	Fruit Sauce.	Cup Cakes.	Island.	Cream.	Coffee.	

Corn Omelet with Fried Tomatoes.

TO 1 cup well seasoned creamed corn add 1 tablespoon butter creamed with 1 tablespoon flour. Cook, stirring constantly, until flour thickens the corn. Season to taste with pepper and add 1 teaspoon salt. Mix with 4 well beaten egg yolks. Fold in 4 stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into a warm buttered omelet pan and bake in a moderate oven, or at about 325 deg., until delicately firm. Turn out and garnish with fried tomatoes.

Tomatoes Stuffed with Olives.

REMOVE stems from 6 medium-sized ripe tomatoes and scoop out pulp. Finely chop ½ small onion and gently cook in 1 tablespoon butter for 10 minutes. Add the tomato pulp and cook about 5 minutes. Add ¼ cup chopped ripe olives and ¼ cup fine dry bread crumbs. Turn this mixture into the tomato shells. Cover with buttered bread crumbs and bake.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Tomato Yeast Rolls (By Request).

SCALD 2 cups tomato juice with 2 tablespoons sugar, ½ tablespoon salt and 4 tablespoons butter. Cool to lukewarm. Dissolve 1 yeast cake and 1 teaspoon sugar in 2 tablespoons lukewarm water. Add to lukewarm tomato juice mixture. Add 2 well beaten eggs and 1 tablespoon melted butter and sifted flour to make a light sponge. Let rise until double in bulk. Add flour to make a dough that kneads. Knead lightly and shape. Place on greased baking sheet, let rise in warm place until double in bulk and bake in a hot oven, or at about 400 deg.

Sour Cream Pie (By Request).

BEAT 2 egg yolks and add ½ cup sugar sifted with 1 tablespoon flour and 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Add 1 cup thick sour cream, 1 cup chopped raisins and cook until thick. Pour into a baked pie crust. Beat 2 egg whites until frothy and add 4 tablespoons sugar gradually. When stiff enough to hold its shape, spread on top of the pie and brown lightly in a slow oven, or at about 300 deg.

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• Lavena is not a cold cream, not a soap. It is made of oatmeal, one of the most popular, effective beautifying ingredients women know.

Pulverized and especially blended so as to work your skin clear, cleanse in only 2 minutes. Lavena does so it cannot make pores clogy or oily. Deep cleans. Soothes and softens dry, tender skin.

One 25c package equals 8 full jars of facial cream. 40c and 75c sizes at department, variety, and drug stores. 10c size at 10c stores. If your dealer doesn't supply it, write Lavena, Chicago. We guarantee to refund the price of Lavena if in thirty days you are not as satisfied as we are.

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Genuine Silex
MAKE BETTER COFFEE
The best coffee can be ruined in the making. Silex glass coffee maker gives you coffee, tempting, refreshing, appetizing. Instantaneously clean. Pyrex brand glass, guaranteed against heat breakage. Silex is simple to use and easy to keep clean. The Silex Co., Dept. A10, Hartford, Conn.

Mystery Woman

by Evelyn Murray Campbell

(Continued from Page 21)

Would you mind telling me why you are here?"

She had a voice that went with her appearance and the sergeant was obviously embarrassed at being found unraveled in a lady's house at that hour. He began to tell the story Tredwell was now sick of hearing. "This fellow here, he gets a telephone call—"

Mrs. Bracy was now in the center of the room, easily its ornament, and stood listening politely, her hand resting lightly upon the enamelled footboard of the bed. The attitude gave her a certain dominance, a control of the scene, and forced explanations to be offered rather than asked of her.

As the story went on her smile became aloof, not unpleasant but faintly indulgent. Anyone can make mistakes, her expression implied.

"I am so sorry about this," she said when the officer had quite finished. "It is not good for a house to have the police in the hall at ten o'clock at night." Reverend Malley's words under the reproach: "But the whole matter is easily explained."

Her vague glance behind a lorgnette that had not been noticeable at first, wandered from face to face, gathering them all in.

"This apartment belongs to Mr. Harding," said Mrs. Bracy. "His business keeps him out of the city most of the time. Occasionally he allows some of his good friends to use the room—very quiet young people, you understand. There has never been the slightest disturbance—no trouble before Mr. Harding pays his rent, the furniture is his own." Mrs. Bracy shrugged her neat shoulders. "Tonight there was to be a little supper party." She waved vaguely toward the kitchenette with its array of bottles and boxes. "I do not know the people. A young man came here and left the things. He had a key and permission. I don't know what happened there was a disagreement, I suppose, and the party broke up."

Plainly this was a difficult point even for Mrs. Bracy but she kept steadily at it.

"I was out during the early evening—church. When I returned a gentleman was just leaving. He explained that he was a friend of Mr. Harding, that there had been an accident. He asked me to look in at the rooms and make things tidy. I did look in and found—"

The policeman's eyes wandered to the spot by the bed which one had not seen. Tredwell spoke up.

"You found a lot of blood on a blue satin spread."

"Yes. The beautiful spread was badly soiled. I took it away, the blankets, too. There were stains, ugh!" Her gesture was distressed.

"But what became of the man?" Malley asked.

Mrs. Bracy gave him a blank look. "I don't know, officer, he isn't here. I suppose his friends took him away."

Malley cleared his throat. "Where are these things—bed spread—er—all the things?"

The manageress smiled upon him.

"Soaking in the laundry tub, not that they will ever look the same," she told him. "I turned on the cold water at once. It's best for taking out stains."

The inquiry fell flat. You can't question a source that conceals nothing. Even the bloodspot on the carpet failed in significance because nobody denied its being there. And the important thing was that there was no corpus delicti. Without a corpus delicti you couldn't do anything. At a signal from the sergeant the policemen filed out of the room, ducking respectful heads to the lady, and Malley said from the corner of his mouth:

"Just a little party, ma'am. They will have these little parties. I see how it is."

She followed into the hall, almost to the double doors, with the manner of a hostess getting rid of unwelcome and slightly suspicious guests.

"I'm sorry you have had this—bother," she addressed Malley exclusively. "If the young man had taken the trouble to call me—"

"But you were out," Tredwell said. "You met Mr. Harding's mysterious friend as you were coming back—"

"I do not like your tone," said Mrs. Bracy without altering her own icy inflection. "I have told the police exactly what occurred."

"That's right, young fella," scowled Malley. "Don't be in a hurry to start a crime wave next time a dame bothers—"

They piled into their cars and were gone to the low singing of their siren and the radio voice that murmured on their knees.

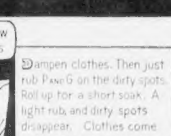
I'M ASHAMED OF MY PILLOW-CASES, JIM'S HAIR-OIL LEAVES GREASY-GRAY STREAKS I CAN'T RUB CLEAN.
I'M SLAVED OVER DIRTY STREAKS, TOO. NOW I KNOW BETTER
HOW COME?
I'VE LEARNED THE EASY NEW P AND G METHOD THAT SAVES HARD RUBBING.
Dampen clothes. Then just rub P AND G on the dirty spots. Roll up for a short soak. A light rub, and dirty spots disappear. Clothes come out spotless, snowy-clean.
NOW SEE HOW SPARKLING, SNOWY WHITE MY PILLOW-CASES AND SHEETS ARE. P AND G GETS SPOTS CLEAN IN A TWINKLING AND NO HARD RUBBING.
TIRED OF RUBBING DIRTY STREAKS?
My new P AND G way to wash gives me extra help on extra-heavy dirt—Spotless washes! No hard rubbing!

HOW P AND G's 2 AMAZING INGREDIENTS END HARD RUBBING ON DIRTY SPOTS

One ingredient builds richer, thicker suds! The other loosens fast-held dirt *quicker!* Just rub P AND G right on the grimed-in streaks and spots. You get *concentrated* soap right where it's needed. Then look at the deep-buried soil come right out, *easy*—without hard rubbing. It's a delight to see a sweet, clean P AND G wash on the line. *Spotless clean! Snowy-clean!*

FOR MACHINE USERS: Dampen the clothes before you put them into the machine. Rub sudsy P AND G Naphtha over the dirty streaks and spots. Then a short soak—a quick turn in the machine takes *all* the soil! No rubbing of "left-over" dirt. Yet clothes come clean as fresh-fallen snow.

FOR DISHES: P AND G's sudsy help whisks away grease, makes glassware SHINE! Easy on hands!



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Grayed Sheets • Grimed-In Cuffs
Streaky Neckbands • Greasy Pillow-Cases
Smudged Up Towels • Stained Table Linens

P AND G WHITE NAPHTHA SOAP

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Men hail it with joy!

Armour's STAR CORNED BEEF HASH WITH CODDLED EGGS

OTHER
QUICK MEALS
with
Armour's Ready-to-Serve Foods

Once you become acquainted with the matchless flavor and wholesomeness of Armour's Ready-to-Serve foods, you'll want to keep a supply on your pantry shelf. A delightful variety is available, packed in cans and glass. Among them are the following:

STAR CORNED BEEF. Made of selected corned beef briskets, expertly seasoned and cooked by Armour chefs. Ready to slice and serve either hot or cold as your fancy dictates.

STAR BEEF AND NOODLES
An immensely popular Armour product. Bound to become an "all-family favorite" because of its perfect flavor combination. Good for children, too—and they love it!

STAR SPAGHETTI AND MEAT BALLS. Just like the home-cooked dish, with the same delicious cheese and tomato sauce—but *without* the bother of preparing. Exact serving for two in each can.

STAR CHILE CON CARNE
Available in two styles—with or without beans. It's the perfect supper dish. Star Chile mixed with macaroni makes delicious "Chile-Mac." Try it next time the crowd gathers.

STAR TAMALES. Adds variety and novelty to your menus. Nice for parties and Sunday Night suppers. If you wish to "go Mexican," pour Star Chile Con Carne over Star Tamales and serve piping hot. You'll like it!

Here's the Corned Beef Hash Dinner *par excellence* . . . and the meat cost is less than 6 cents per person

★ Corned Beef Hash becomes a "banquet royal" when served this way. The September MEAL OF THE MONTH calls for Armour's Star Corned Beef Hash . . . served with Coddled Eggs, Harvard Beets and a tempting Pineapple and Tomato Salad. An undeniable *feast*—delicious, nourishing, wholesome—and so easy to fix. For the main dish, just drop whole raw eggs into nests of Star Corned Beef Hash and bake in a moderate oven.

It's economical, too. The meat cost per serving is less than 6 cents! You'll serve this meal *often*.

Star Corned Beef Hash for highest flavor and purity

The September MEAL OF THE MONTH centers around Armour's Star Corned Beef Hash—famous for its marvelous flavor and quality. It's made from choice government inspected beef briskets, blended with selected diced potatoes. Star Corned Beef Hash is expertly seasoned and cooked in Armour's Kitchens—as clean and spotless as your own. It comes to you thoroughly prepared and ready-to-serve.

Your dealer features Armour's Star Corned Beef Hash and the other ingredients for the MEAL OF THE MONTH. Buy them all at one time, from the MEAL OF THE MONTH display in his store. Jot it down on your shopping list, now.

LOOK FOR THE ARMOUR DISPLAY AT YOUR DEALER'S

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